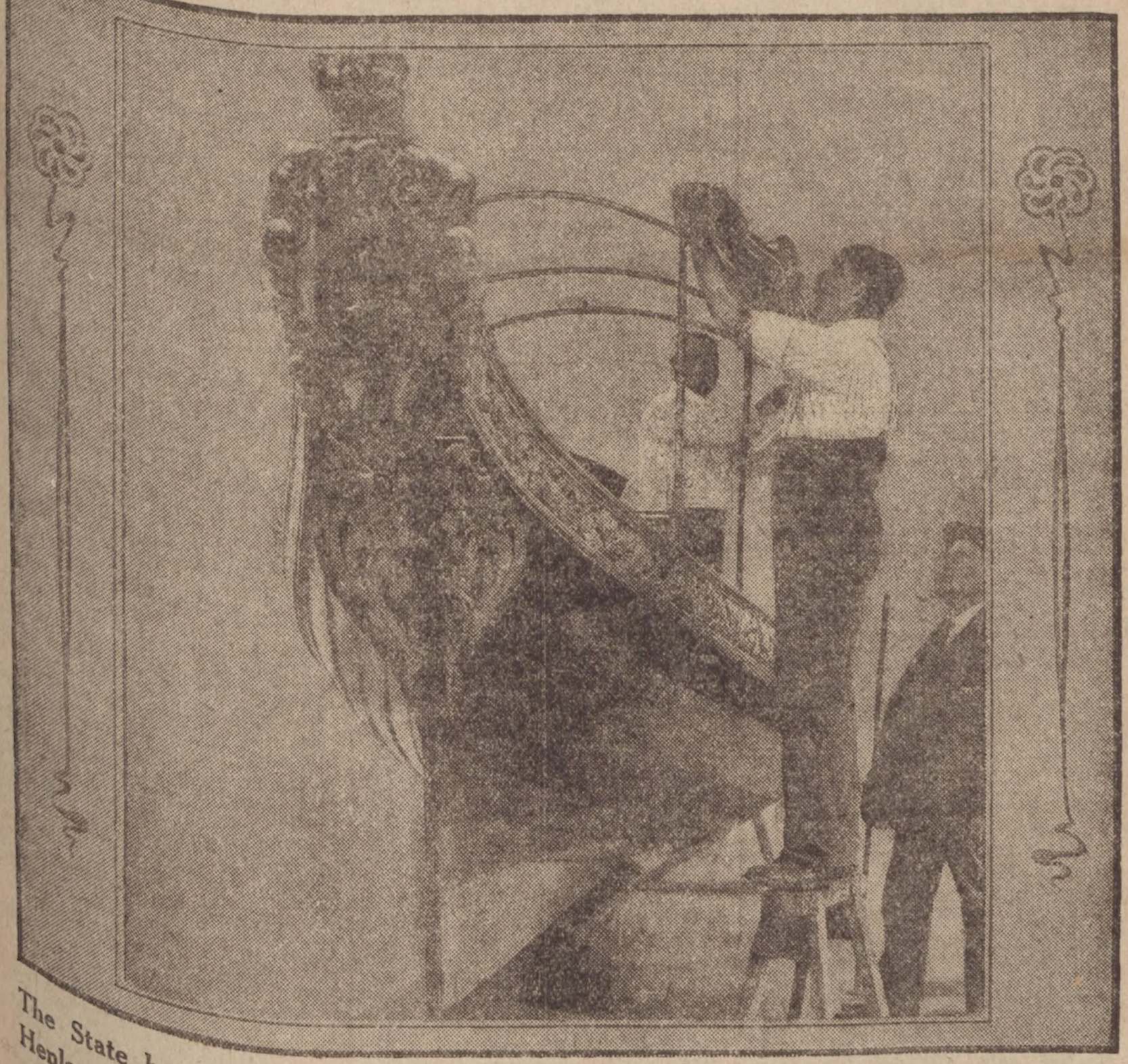
The Modern Man

A Weekly Journal of General Interest.

No. 189.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 15TH, 1912. ONE PENNY.

GETTING READY FOR HENLEY.



The State barge, which will be used by the King and Queen when they visit Henley Regatta next month, was built in 1689. The photograph shows it being overhauled and redecorated at Staines.

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trousers-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Shoddy Clothes are bad value, wear the best; it need not cost you more; write or call on W. W. Hedgecoe and Co., Stylish Suits from 35s.—Private Tailors, West End Cutting Experts, 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (2 doors from Gray's Inn Road).

The McKinley "Mac.," 15s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Nearly new light grey tweed suit, 42in. chest, leg inside, 32in., fit tall man.—Box 9072, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Black morning coat and waistcoat, height 5ft. 9in., chest 36in., good condition, by first class West End tailor, 12s. 6d.; also blue serge lounge suit, same measurement, cost 6gs., good condition, 15s. 6d.—Box 9073, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Cyclist's Friend makes your cycle puncture-proof; enormous success; genuine, 1s. 1d. (League member).—Jaques, 66, Rendell Road, Leicester.

Racing: 1,000 Modern Men wanted to write for particulars of special system wires; new clients; first week's information sent at reduced price.—Hutchinson, 43, Goodramgate, York.

New French "Velo-Dog" Revolver; extremely powerful; cost 45s., will accept 25s., or nearest offer.—William Garton, 18, Garrard Street, Reading.

Wanted, cork grip sea-rod and large optional check reel; also fly rod, no rubbish.—Box 9074, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, billiard table, 8ft. by 4ft. in good condition, with all accessories.—Box 9075, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Sailing dinghy, 15ft. by 5ft., varnished, cutter rigged, gear complete, good condition, any reasonable offer.—Box 9076, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Good set of boxing gloves, brown leather, cost guinea when new, will accept 10s., or nearest offer.—Box 9077, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good 26in. or 28in. frame bicycle; would exchange excellent bagatelle table, 9ft. long, slate bed, 5in. turned legs, and all accessories.—Box 9082, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Gentleman's genuine B.S.A. bicycle, suit tall rider, splendid condition, £3 10s.—Box 9080, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For sale, light but comfortable double sculling Thames skiff, in good order, with sail and all accessories, including extra sculls, and pair of oars, low price to immediate customer.—Box 9084, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1030.

Ingenious Exercises for Chest Development, illustrated with real Photos. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send P.O. 1s. 6d. at once to J. H. Minister, Professor of Scientific Physical Culture, Liddell Street, Hull.

MEDICAL, &c.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why Grey Hair? Colour restored, luxuriant growth, no dyes, never fails; recipe, year's supply, 1s.—Box 9071, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer with Piles? Buer Mul-la and Powder is a safe, certain, and speedy cure; cures permanently the worst cases. Send two stamps for free sample.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

The finest Tonic ever known for Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders, Indigestion, Headache, etc. Recommended by leading physicians and athletes. Send 1s. P.O. for recipe to Home Recipe, c/o Box 6031, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1036.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Boxing Gloves, 100 "Modern Man"; offers; wanted, wrist-watch.—H. Hopkins Nanteos, Aberystwyth.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor, with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Large number of Military and other Books, Khaki, Boots, etc.; property of retired officer; very cheap; list free.—Box 9070 "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

FREE, 7s. 6d. Safety Razor, with extra blades, absolutely free to all sending P.O. 1s. 6d. (3d. extra for postage and packing) for one of our marvellous 3s. 6d. Pocket-knives, English oxydised steel handles, best make; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4670, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 3d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d.; post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Cut here.....

Cut here.....

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1036.

The Modern Man

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Notice to Contributors.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

It is a living statesman of considerable eminence—is it not?—who has said that minorities must suffer. At Poplar Hospital the lift ceased working in consequence of men at the Port of London Authority's power station going on strike, the hydraulic power for the lift being supplied free by that authority. The result was that every patient, however bad his condition, had to be carried up the narrow staircases, a proceeding which involved great discomfort in every instance, and even endangered life in more than one. But what of that? The strikers were many, the patients few—and "minorities must suffer."

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Birth or position—better still, a combination of the two—is supposed to stamp one with the hall-mark of superiority. The common or garden sort of human biped, who has passed through a Council school, works hard for a living, and wears a cloth cap—with, of course, suitable accompaniments (forgive me that ancient pun!)—is held to show to disadvantage by comparison. The supposition, however, would appear to be not over well founded.

* * *

Disgraceful Scenes in Dublin.

Over in Dublin on "Trinity Monday" the students of Trinity College behaved in a manner that would have disgraced the inmates of a reformatory establishment. Yelling like demons and exploding detonators, they rushed up and down the thoroughfares, stopping the traffic, confiscating a cab, holding up tramcars, and fighting the police, assailing them with eggs and other missiles.

One constable had to be taken to the hospital, and eleven of the students were arrested. "Animal spirits natural to youth" is a poor excuse for blackguardism on the part of those who profess to be gentlemen. *Noblesse oblige* is a dictum which seems to be out of date.

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Tale of a Woman's Tongue.

A female prisoner at Willesden the other day persisted in talking from the moment she entered the dock. The magistrate told her she would do much better if she talked less, but she retorted "I can't help it; I am a woman, and must speak." Heaven help us when the suffragist règime has come, and women are on the magisterial bench as well as in the dock!

Once upon a time imprisonment was something to be dreaded, and acted consequently as a strong deterrent. But nowadays it appears to be a case of *nous avons changé tout cela*. Last week the Willesden magistrate, in discharging a prisoner brought before him, said he thought it might nevertheless have been a kindness to have given him another month in gaol, a week's remand in Brixton Prison having vastly improved his health! If our punitive and correctional institutions have been converted into sanatoria, wouldn't it be just as well to label them as such?

* * *

Skylarking on the Thames.

What is known as the up-river season started with the first day of this month. It lasts until the beginning of September, and promises, so the newspapers say, to be one of the merriest on record.

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There is, however, merriment and merriment—especially on the upper reaches of the Thames; and in this protest against a certain type of river pleasure seeker, I feel sure that I will have the support of every man who loves his Thames as it should be loved.

* * *

The hooligans—male and female—who abuse almost every quiet backwater for the purpose of pursuits which may fitly be described as orgies, should be dealt with in as drastic a manner as possible. Naturally enough, the landowners to whom such backwaters belong have begun of late years to bar them to everybody, by means of wire stretched across the entrances. Most of them would have no objection to quiet pleasure-seekers stopping in the backwaters for a while to have a chat or a smoke in the shade; but their precautions are directed against the ginger-beer-bottle dropping, paper-bag strewing, noisy skylarking brigade, chiefly recruited from the flapper shopgirl or promoted office boy type.

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It is high time, however, that some regulations were passed, where the sporting many should cease to suffer for the misdemeanours of the uncouth few.

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More Common-Sense Wanted.

By the way, speaking of the up-river season, why should this year not witness an introduction of a greater spirit of common-sense in the matter of clothes for pleasure boating or punting? The toggery one sees as low down as Kew or Richmond is often an object lesson of ineptitude.

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Faultlessly creased flannels, glossy silk ties billowing from underneath the starchiest of high "wing" collars, and generally soft-fronted shirts with stiff cuffs, is a very ordinary get-up between Kew and Kingston. But go up as far as Bourne End or Oxford, and—oh, shame upon them!—you will find men punting or sculling in flannel or matt cricket shirts, open at the throat, and innocent of ties, and flannel "bags" whose shameful disregard for the correct crease would make any Fenchurch Street tailor's heart turn sick. But you will, strange though it may seem, find less collision with bridges here, and a cleanness of "feathering" which few of the dandies in the lower reaches will be able to equal.

* * *

A Query to the Police.

How long will it be before the police authorities take action in connection with certain notorious "picture theatres" in the West End of London, by which I mean the district bounded by Regent Street, Oxford Street, Charing Cross Road, and Pall Mall. It is an open secret that though most of these institutions thrive exceedingly, they do not derive their gains from the legitimate amusement-seeking public. They are packed—even during the daytime—with girls of the unfortunate class, who go there sometimes accompanied by fortuitous acquaintances. This is no place for more open statements—though the writer has fuller facts at his disposal—but enough has been said to justify my repeated query: "When are the police going to act?"

Here is a signal that the giant gooseberry and sea-serpent season is not far off. According to the indisputably veracious *Daily Mail*, a Mr. Hooper, playing golf at Walmley (Warwick) Links recently, killed a thrush in flight with a tee shot. Er—m'yes.

* * *

Distracting Motor Noises.

Variety may be charming; it can be also very disconcerting. The weird noises that now fill our streets, ranging all the way from a hideous bellow to the fractured shriek of an asthmatic steam-engine, are more than merely nerve-trying—they are positively distracting. Why can there not be one uniform sound to indicate the approach of motor-vehicles? It need not be excessively musical; just the "grunt-grunt" affected by some—and appropriately so, as suggesting the "road hog"—would do. We should always know what *that* meant; whereas a cornet fantasia, for instance, might deceive us occasionally, and lead to our waking up to the fact of its connection with a motor only when we found ourselves mixed up with the tyres or embracing the chassis.

At any rate, something ought to be done in the matter, and that speedily.

* * *

[He was walking like a Judge."—Recent testimony in court.]

My son, give this advice your ears,
As on the road of life you trudge,
You'll earn the favour of your peers
By walking like a Judge.

More vital still—though p'r'aps a wrench—
Be sure, however fagged you are,
To take your rest upon a Bench,
But never at the Bar!

* * *

Up before the Magistrates.

What is the matter with Mrs. Annie Forward, of Palmeira Mansions, Hove? She has been repeatedly summoned in respect of a number of dogs she keeps, which have become a nuisance to her neighbours, and are a source of no little danger. On the last occasion she appeared before the magistrates to answer the charge of failing to keep the animals under proper control, with neglecting to have one of them destroyed in accordance with a previous magisterial direction, and with assaulting a police-constable.

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When one reads that she wanted to have the proceedings removed to London, where she intended to arraign the Hove magistrates before a Court of Summary Jurisdiction, and that throughout her evidence she appeared to be in a state of mental abstraction, one is not surprised to find that a gentleman in court, whom she requested to act as surety on her behalf, promptly replied "Not for the world!"

* * *

But why should Mrs. Annie Forward, whether normal-minded or eccentric, be permitted to retain possession of dogs she will neither keep under proper control nor destroy? Cautioning has had no effect upon her. Fining has been equally futile, and doubtless imprisonment would be just as ineffectual. Is the law powerless to take more drastic measures? If so, it obviously is in need of amendment. Here is a chance for Sir Robert Perks, whose legislative performances have been so barren as to wring from him the admission that his twenty years in the House of Commons have been absolutely wasted. But doubtless he would much rather interest himself in the Sunday closing of houses of refreshment than in the prevention of dog bites.

* * *

Cottage Homes for Labourers.

A scheme to build cottage homes for labourers can be nothing but praiseworthy. It is to be regretted therefore that one such scheme, recently promoted, should have fallen through owing to the fact that less than £100 was subscribed by those appealed to—the public in general and the members of labour organisations. One would have thought the latter alone would have subscribed every penny that was needed. But possibly the providing of strike-pay left too small a residue for the building of cottage homes.

There is, however, another explanation, which perchance is nearer the mark. The cottages in question were intended to perpetuate the memory of half a dozen men known as the "Tolpuddle Martyrs," which euphonious appellation they earned for themselves though being transported, in 1833, for combining to obtain better conditions as agricultural labourers. It was tyrannous treatment, of course, but as what they did was done for their own benefit, rather than for that of the class to which they belonged, one does not readily perceive what claim they have to be esteemed as martyrs, or why their memory should be held in special benediction. And this consideration may have decided both the general public and the labour organisations to refrain from handing their memory down to a remote and indifferent posterity in the concrete expressiveness of cottage homes for labourers.

* * *

Putting up Inscribed Memorial.

At any rate, as already stated, less than £100 was subscribed. All, therefore, that has come of the scheme has been the handing over of a few pounds to the county hospital, the putting up of an inscribed memorial—recently unveiled by Mr. Henderson, M.P.—near the Tolpuddle Wesleyan chapel, where the "martyrs" used to worship, and doubtless the considerable curtailing of self-advertisement in certain local quarters. Even for such small mercies let us be thankful.

* * *

Commercial Travellers' Arduous Lot.

In these hair-thinning days of hustling competition a commercial traveller is expected to be ever increasing the orders for his firm. Woe betide him should there be any falling off, or even should things remain stationary. There is small wonder, therefore, if occasionally one has recourse to some what questionable means to keep his end up.

* * *

A few days ago a man was charged with embezzling various sums received by him, as traveller, on behalf of his employers, a firm of wholesale confectioners. A letter written by him from Brixton Prison throws a lurid light on the state of affairs, and shows that there is something very rotten indeed in the state of the commercial Denmark.

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"I have had to buy my orders," he wrote, "like a good many others have to do." And he added that the money he was short of in his accounts had "gone in selling under prices and giving discounts to get the orders." A pretty state of affairs, truly! Things are cut so fine nowadays that, apparently, a traveller cannot hope to keep in front unless he go his rivals one better, and that means either that his own pocket suffers or that his employers fail to get all that is due to them.

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The Iniquity of his Offence.

In the case of the man, it appears that—to use his own words—"the ground stands about £600 ahead of last year." If that be so, it seems a fairly reasonable inference that the application he made of certain moneys due to the firm had some part in the making of profits which were considerably in excess of them. The special iniquity of his offence, therefore, does not strike one as being remarkably evident. His employers, doubtless, are more to the good financially than would have been the case if he had not put some of their money to unsanctioned uses. Be that as it may, however, it is pretty clear that the average employer makes the lot of his travellers far more arduous than it ought to be; and so long as such a state of things continues, defalcations will continue also.

* * *

An Admiral's Widow's Pension.

The U.S.A. Senate has decided to grant the widow of Admiral Schley, who was practically in command of the American fleet at the battle of Santiago, a pension of £10 a month. At first £10 was suggested, but the proposal was outvoted when Senator Nelson declared that such a pittance for the widow of a very distinguished officer would be a disgrace to a great and powerful nation. Nevertheless, no fewer than fifteen members of the Senate voted for the pittance.

"Had Schley been in England," said Senator Nelson, no doubt with his immortal English namesake in mind, "he would have received a peerage. England knows how to honour and reward her illustrious servants." Yes, somehow or other, "the played-out old country" does seem to do most things as they ought to be done.

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The sane-minded reader of newspapers feels a certain irritation in reading the fulsome reports of the visit of the British Council School children to Paris. We have been told, for one thing, that the children sang the "Marseillaise" in French, being thoroughly understood in every word by a deliriously appreciative audience of countless thousands of French men and women.

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In view of the fact that not one child in twenty—to state a very moderate average—on leaving a Council school, speaks French at all, however much he or she may have pretended to learn, these statements may be treated with the contemptuous negligence which they deserve.

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Police Torture in India.

While one may not be disposed to fraternise with every coloured individual as "a brother and a man," any more than one would be inclined to associate with white tramps and hooligans, the "mere nigger" attitude adopted by some of us towards all such individuals is scarcely to be commended. The recent case of police torture in India has a distinct bearing upon this point. The victim would never have been subjected to the sufferings she underwent if she had been a European. She was "only a native."

* * *

It is said you have to scratch a Russian in order to find the Tartar, and it is pretty evident that the nature of the primal savage still has a place in civilised man. To use torture for the purpose of wringing a confession from the victim is to act against reason. The sufferer, more likely than not, will make the most preposterous of admissions, if only the cessation of agony can be gained thereby. When, therefore, that unfortunate woman in India was so brutally ill-treated, it was due not so much to an intention of extorting the truth from her as to the innate savagery of her torturers. It is a satisfaction to know they have been dealt with according to their deserts—heavy fines and lengthy terms of rigorous imprisonment.

* * *

Hawking a Title.

"Foreign Title of Nobility is Disposable.—Boîte 247, Brussels." When you spot an advertisment of that kind in an English newspaper, you feel inclined to go and kick the advertiser for daring to suppose there is any Englishman who would be tempted by such a bait.

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And yet you know in your heart of hearts that the title thus hawked about will not be long without a purchaser. Your *nouveau riche*, who has made his pile out of brewery shares or the boiling of soap, is more than eager to shine in "Sassiety", as a "Baron" or a "Count," and thinks the foreign "handle" his cheque-book has procured for him is miles in front of the simple English knighthood which cannot be bought and which never is merited by such as he. Faugh!

* * *

Comment on the Derby.

Why is it that the newspapers are so unanimously hypocritical? Here we find, with reference to the Derby, that a great many papers proclaimed a universal eagerness that the King's horse, should win. Said one: "Everybody on the course was wishing for the success of the King's horse." The common-sense reader who understands racing, simply asks himself one question, so pointed as to need no answer, namely, "If the King's Derby candidate's success was so widely and keenly desired, why was he quoted at the start at 18 to 1, while Sweeper II.'s price was no more than 3's?"

* * *

It surely needs no elaboration that, however loyal the general public may be, they wish in their innermost hearts for the success of the horse that they have most widely backed, i.e., the favourite, it matters not whether the animal belongs to King or Commoner.

AMERICAN BOXING REPORTS.

EXAGGERATIONS WHICH DO THE SPORT MUCH HARM.

In these days of so much opposition to the fine old sport of boxing, it is surprising that some of the most ardent followers of the ring are unconsciously assisting in the downfall of their favourite pastime. One has only to pick up an edition of one of London's boxing papers and turn to the reports of American boxing to fully realise this point. The melodramatic imagination of the average American journalist is widely known, but in no instance is this fact so apparent as in the description of boxing contests, and after reading a page or two of these reports, it seems like courting disaster for any of our boxers to go to the States looking for matches with American boxers.

Describing a "Real Hummer."

One often reads such a paragraph as the following:—"The fifth round was a real hummer, the New York boy tearing in with a volley of lefts and rights to the face, causing a deep gash in his opponent's cheek, and splitting his ear with a slashing right hook, the ring floor being splashed with the blood." Now this description, to the mind of an ordinary unbiased reader, creates a feeling of disgust, and, considering the huge number of people who read this sort of thing, the harm done to the sport is quite obvious. That the report is merely a highly exaggerated one of a very ordinary contest does not occur to a reader who is unacquainted with American journalism. As a matter of fact, the so-called "gash in his opponent's cheek" was probably a cut lip which perhaps started to bleed, and was the cause of "the ring floor being splashed with blood," but, as the reporter is paid to write up a thrilling report of the contest, he allows his imagination to run away with him.

Surprise for Sporting Club.

It stands to reason that an American boxer is not the mighty fighter he is often made out to be, as the majority of American boxers who have visited this country have been a variation from the clever boxer, to the hard slugger, no different from our own variety. One reads with awe of the doings of "Cyclone" Somebody and "Knock-out" Somebody Else, but when this same "Cyclone" pays a visit to this country and is seen in actual combat, one fails to see where the "Cyclone" comes in. A case in point is that of Packey Macfarland, the clever Chicago boxer. Before he came to England to box Freddie Welsh, it cannot be denied that everyone expected to see a rough and tumble fighter with no regard for the rules of boxing. This impression was given by various reports of previous contests between the same two men which took place in America. But what a surprise for the members of the National Sporting Club when it was seen on the night of the fight that Packey boxed in the cleanest possible English style, never once resorting to the shady tactics of which he had been credited in his previous bouts. Macfarland, while in England, made many friends by reason of his gentlemanly demeanour both in and out of the ring.

Bombardier Wells' Confidence.

Again, the reports of the doings of Al. Palzer, the acknowledged white champion of America, are overwhelmingly exaggerated by the American pressmen. From the way he is credited with smashing up his opponents, our own heavyweight champion, Bombardier Wells, who is matched with him, had better be making out his will. It is early yet to attempt to prophesy the actual result of this contest, but it may be taken for granted that Palzer will know he has been boxing when the fight is over. It is pleasing to note that the Bombardier's confidence is in no way diminished by these terrible tales of Palzer's aggressiveness, and when the men step into the ring on July 4th it will be seen how much truth there is in these highly coloured reports of the American Press.

There is no doubt that these American reports, so greatly exaggerated as they are, should not be taken seriously, but they come direct from America, and, as is usually the case with "true" stories from the States, must be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. They are certainly doing no good to the reputation of boxing.

H. W. BROWNE.

THE REMINISCENT CABBY.

What Happened to a Body in a Sack.

By FRED G. WEBB.

The red-faced Jehu absolutely refused to believe that his day was over.

"Bin a-drivin' forty years," he remarked, after drinking my health with great gusto; "and good for another ten, I reckon. Wot's more, I can still git a livin'. There's plenty of people who'd sooner ride behind an 'oss than be taken about by machinery. These shovers keep on a-shovin'; but take it from me, they'll git shoved out themselves in the end."

He roared at his own witticism, and drank more beer. Then, in a vernacular which I have ventured to tone down a little, he told me the tale of the body in the sack:—

On a Sunday night it happened. Looking round for a fare, I saw coming out of a house a little old man, dragging a big hundle. Trying to drag it, I ought to have said; for as a matter of fact he could hardly move the thing. "Cabby," he called out, "hurry up and help me." I got off my box and went to the front door, and between us we managed to get the bundle into the cab. Outside, all you could see was sacking. Inside—well, there was something about the look and feel of that bundle that I didn't like at all. The first touch sent a shiver down my spine—you know the sort of feeling I mean.

"A dead body, I'll swear," said I to myself. And a dead body, as you'll hear, it was. . . . . I looked at the old man, and if ever a face was enough to hang anybody, his was. Altogether I felt pretty uncomfortable; but something—part curiosity, part the fear of making a mistake—kept me from calling the police.

"Where to?" I said.

"Lonsdale Square, Cabby. And half-a-crown if you drive hard all the way."

"Right you are," I said; and away we went.

"You know the Square, perhaps," queried Jehu, after an heroic attempt to finish the rest of the contents of the quart pewter at one gulp. "The houses are all alike—tall, churchy-looking, and old-fashioned. Charlie Peace the Second—I mean, my fare—stopped outside one of them, ran up the steps, opened the front-door with a key, and rushed back to the cab. Between us we dragged the bundle to the door, and got it inside. I wanted to follow, but the old fellow wouldn't stand that, and pushed me back. However, he paid up all right—extra half-crown as well. Then he slammed the door in my face.

The puzzle was, what to do. The thing looked like foul play; but was it my business to chip in? Shouldn't I be asking for trouble? I sat on my box trying to make up my mind whether to call a constable or not—just as I might be wondering now, sir, whether you'll offer me another drink.

The cabman smacked his lips, and his eyes twinkled. I imitated his action with regard to the half-crown, and took the tip.

"Before I could settle the knotty point," he went on presently, "another funny thing happened. Up dashed another cab, and out of it jumped an old fellow looking for all the world like a baboon."

"Have you been driving a man with a body?" he shouted.

"Couldn't have driven him without his body," said I.

"Idiot! The body was mine."

"I saw coming out of a house a little old man dragging a big bundle."

"Idiot yourself! How could a man go about with your body?"

"Good heavens! The fool will send me mad."

"Good heavens," said I, "the fool *is* mad."

At that he caved in, and without taking any further notice of me ran up the steps to the house, and began knocking for all he was worth. I happened to know the other cabman.

"Queer job, this," said I.

"Guess the old boy means business," said he. "Talk about temper! He was foaming at the mouth when he called me. Whatever it's all about, there's going to be some fun."

No answer coming to the Baboon's knock, he rushed back to us, more furious than ever.

"Fetch a constable, Cabby," he shouted to Brown. "And fetch him at once."

My mate didn't move for a moment. Like me, he was a bit doubtful what to do.

"Oh, you're in the plot, are you?" yelled the Baboon. "Never mind! I'll beat you both."

With that he began picking up stones and shying them at the window. It was a sight to behold that ancient party searching the gutter for things to throw, and smashing pane after another. Of course, a crowd soon gathered, and affairs became uncommonly lively.

"What's the matter?" asked more than one outsider; but the only answer was a scowl. In the thick of the racket, however, out popped the head of Charlie Peace the Second from an upstairs window.

"What do you want?" said he, in a rather shaky voice.

"Give me my property," replied the Baboon.

"What property?"

"My body."

"How dare you accuse me of having your body?"

"Now, Menzies, will you look facts in the face? I know the girl is inside, and before five minutes are over you've got to hand her back to her rightful owner. At the end of five minutes I shall call a policeman—if one hasn't arrived sooner—and give you into custody. You know the consequences—a frightful exposure, and perhaps something worse. Now, which is it to be?"

The Baboon stood in the garden, striking an attitude. We waited several minutes, and so did we. At last he got an answer, and, like his attitude, it was striking. Out from the open window fell the bundle that had caused all the trouble. It hit the Baboon square on his tall hat, smashing it down over his eyes. Then it flopped into the garden. Strange to say, instead of making a fuss about the assault, the old chap just pulled his hat up so that he could see, and grabbed hold of the bundle. You should have seen his face beam, too! I never saw a man so delighted as he was to get his property back.

We were close by, but the Baboon wouldn't look at my mate. Just as if I had been standing alone, he said, "Look here, you! The cabman I had before refused to obey my orders, and I should never think of employing him again. Will you take me?"

I winked at Brown, and he understood, and winked back at me. Then I said: "All right, Governor. Jump in."

Off we went, and before long were back at the very house Charlie Peace the Second had come out of.

"Step inside, cabby," said my fare, when we had got the bundle up the front steps.

In I went, and it can't be denied that, although he looked as ugly as sin, the Baboon was a gentleman. The way he treated me—well, sir, I can only put it that he was as free and open-handed as you've been to-night, and that's saying something. Treated me up to the nines, he did.

I acknowledged the compliment by planking down the cost of some more "encouragement," and Jehu went on again:—

Then the whole story came out. I didn't ask for it, mind you, but the Baboon sat back in his easy chair, still with his face a-beaming, and with the precious bundle beside him, and told me everything. There was a body in the sack, right enough—the dead body of a young girl. So far I'd not been much out of my reckoning. But where I was wrong was in thinking there had been foul play. Nothing of the sort, for the girl had lived about three thousand years ago, in Assyria, and her body, instead of decaying, had petrified, as the Baboon called it, or, as you and I might say, turned to stone. It had been found in a cave by some anti—anti—well, explorers is good enough for me, and brought over to England.

The find was reckoned a great one, and lots of learned professors wanted to buy the body. To settle the matter it was put up to auction, and the man with the longest purse happened to be the Baboon, as I may as well go on calling him. Well, now, so wild was Charlie Peace the Second—I'll stick to that name, too—at losing the treasure that he made up his mind to watch his chance, slip into the Baboon's house, and carry off the body. That was how I happened to see him, and why he wanted my help. As luck would have it, the real owner turned up sooner than expected. He saw my cab moving away, rushed indoors and found the body missing, guessed what happened, and cabbed it after us as hard as he could. The rest you've heard. Of course, Charlie was not the ordinary sort of thief, and I was fairly out of it in thinking he could have had anything to do with a murder. The matter wasn't allowed to go further, though mischief enough had been done, for in the fall from the window the poor girl's body was badly knocked about.

Still, *she* didn't mind, and although the Baboon might have got damages, he didn't seem to care a brass farthing about anything so long as he'd got the old thing back. Besides, as I've said before, he was a real good sort, and could understand the other man's feelings. I'd like to drink his health and yours, sir, in what's left of the ale. "Success to you both, and three cheers for the body in the sack!"

Cabby lifted the pewter, and when the last drop of its contents had disappeared, and his face became visible again, he held out his hand and offered me his lifelong friendship.

A CRICKET IDYLL.

In flannels and pads all-resplendent,
From the "pav." to the wickets he strode;
A "duck" was far from his mind—h'm p'raps—
As the white popping-crease he toed.

Then a "googlie" googled adown the green pitch,
And he smote—a fearful smite!
Right to "long-field"?—"Long-off"?—a boundary?—
what?
The bails flew off left and right!!

But you've heard the saw anent "ill-winds":
Don't let on—but 'twas so in this case,
For a pretty pink girl on the steps of that "pav."
Sat waiting—a picture of grace.

So while all his chums the red leather smote,
And "puffing like grampusses" ran,
He audaciously spooned with his second "duck."
Does it strike you—this cricketer's plan?

And don't think he worried the least bit because
That "googlie" dismissed him first shot;
For a "duck" dressed with chiffon and lace à la mode
Is preferable to sun-roasting—what?

STANLEY ST. LEONARD.

TOMMY'S "PERKS."

HOW THE BRITISH SOLDIER SUPPLEMENTS HIS PAY.

The British soldier is generally considered to be a very happy-go-lucky individual, careless of the future and industrious only under the watchful eyes of his superiors.

But this impression is by no means correct, for many soldiers add considerably to their small pay, and manage to put away a "nest-egg" for the rainy days when they return to civilian life, by profitably employing their leisure hours.

Scope in the Theatre.

Of course, in the case of those soldiers who are by trade shoemakers or tailors, there is always an opening for them in the regimental workshops, as well as for a small number of artisans in the pioneers' shops.

Apart from these, however, there are many individuals who strike out in lines for themselves, and with these this article deals.

In large garrison towns where there are one or more theatres, the soldier who knows the ropes can always earn a few additional shillings a week by "walking-on" as a super. Curiously enough the soldier is better adapted for this work than the ordinary super. The stage manager to ensure the success of his piece has to constantly discipline and drill his company. The super, casually engaged at the stage door, may know little or nothing of these qualities, whereas Tommy, who has them ingrained in him by daily routine, becomes plastic in the hands of the stage manager.

In London especially a large number of soldiers are employed by West End managements. These are supplied by agents, or super-masters, who are senior non-commissioned officers permanently stationed in London.

The Best Paid Employment.

The military bandsman is another fortunate individual who can always be sure of adding a few shillings to his weekly pay. The promoters of flower shows, fêtes, exhibitions, etc., are only too willing to pay a substantial fee to have a military band in attendance, and, of course, the bandsman takes his share of this fee. Again, the bandsman can also find remunerative employment by acting as an instructor to a local or boys' brigade band, and even a local orchestra has its possibilities.

Probably the best paid outside employment a soldier can obtain is as an instructor in the army system of physical training to a school, institution, or to private individuals. Within recent years physical culture has grown greatly in popularity, and nowadays certified instructors are in great demand, so much so that they can command their own fee. Etiquette fixes the charge at a minimum fee of 5s. a night, but some popular instructors ask and easily get as much as half-a-guinea for an hour's lesson.

Some individuals utilise quite extraordinary means to supplement their pay. One unique instance was that of a soldier in a well-known regiment who earned his "fee" by acting as counsel, or "friend" as military law terms it, to any of his comrades undergoing trial by court martial.

Military Law as Hobby.

As a civilian he had been a lawyer's clerk, but the humdrum life palling on him, he joined the Army at the outbreak of the late Boer war. In this new sphere, probably through a natural inclination, he took up as a hobby the study of military law. He soon found out the possibilities of his knowledge, and used it to such good purpose that he very often succeeded in getting his "clients" acquitted.

Among profitable hobbies taken up by the soldier knitting may be said to be the most popular. In every unit throughout the service zealous adherents of this domestic hobby are to be found. There is always an easy and ready market for knitted articles such as sweaters, socks, etc., among less industrous soldiers.

Another lucrative hobby is gardening. In some stations members of the garrison are allowed small plots of government land, rent free, to cultivate as gardens. Out of these they can generally make a little profit by supplying vegetables to the married families, and even win a prize or two at the local flower show.

A few soldiers act as spare time agents, selling razors, jewellery, etc., but as this trading is contrary to regulations, delinquents found out are severely punished.

Punishment for the Bookmaker.

Among this tribe are to be found bookmakers and even moneylenders, but they never flourish long, their career generally ending with a stiff dose of punishment.

RACING TRACK TIPS:

ADVICE TO RUNNERS OVER VARIOUS DISTANCES.

Brains count for just as much in racing on the track as in any other form of sport, and there are all sorts of "wrinkles" which it will pay the foot-racing enthusiast to consider. Here are one or two of them devoted to races of various lengths.

In a sprint proper—anything from 100 to 220 yards—there is little to remember except the enormous importance of getting off quickly. The most widely affected start is the American crouch, with two hands resting lightly on the line, the jump-off being done with a quick thrusting movement of the thighs. But it is doubtful whether this is really the best start. In the writer's humble opinion—and, to put it modestly, he has done one or two little things on the track—a much quicker and powerful dash-off is obtained by the following method, which was expounded to me by C. B. Fry, the famous Oxford Treble Blue.

The Crack of the Pistol.

Resting *all* your weight on your foremost foot, which is, of course, on the line, you balance yourself by holding out the opposite hand, and holding backwards the hand on the same side.

Then, at the crack of the pistol, you simply "dab down" with the foot which is on the line, and which is supporting your weight. This leaves you only two alternatives—either to fall on your face, or else to shoot forward like an arrow from a bow. After a week or two of private practice, and later with the assistance of a friend with a pistol, you will have no difficulty in always choosing the latter. This start is equally good for quarter and half-mile races.

Jockeying your Opponents.

In a quarter-mile race—I do not agree with the men who call it a "sprint," for no man could do a quarter at 100 yards pace throughout—the great thing to remember is, that while going at a good pelt from the start, you should invariably leave enough "in hand" for a real sprint at the finish. The last fifty yards or so of a quarter-mile should always be done at your very best 100 yards rate.

More tactical work can be introduced into half-mile races than into any of the shorter distances. Here you do not—or ought not to—start off quite so fast. You have more opportunity for jockeying your opponents. If possible, keep a yard or two in front of them from the first, but do not go away at too much of a burst, because you may find yourself cut down at the finish by a better stayer.

If they, or one of them, should try to shoot past you, do not get flurried, but lie alongside or even a yard or so behind for a while. "Jog them up" a little by spurting for a yard or so now and again, for this may show you whether they are staying well or not. It is a good working rule, however, to sprint home at your best pace in the last 150 yards or so of a half-mile event. It is for this reason that you should not pump yourself over-much at the start.

Moreover, never let yourself be much more than five yards behind the leader at any period of a half-mile; for in so short a race—especially at the finish—such a loss of ground will take a lot of making up against a game runner, however "done" he may be.

Much the same advice applies to the mile; but the longer distances can hardly be usefully discussed, because so many different situations may be met with in races of such a duration. This advice—also given to the writer by Mr. Fry—may be advantageously borne in mind by runners over every distance.

Pluck at the Finish.

Never give up hope till the tape has been breasted. Keep on pegging away until the finish. Though your heart be going like a sledge-hammer and your breath giving you pain in the drawing, struggle on in the knowledge that your opponent may be even more "done" than you. Of course, if you think you are likely to suffer actual injury in continuing, retire from the race; but in the ordinary way you should "bluff" it out to the last. Many a badly exhausted man has beaten a much fresher runner by sheer pluck at the finish.

J. S. C.

WEST END BULLIES:

LIGHT ON A GRAVE LONDON SCANDAL.

There has been, up to now, a fairly widespread exposure of the methods of the "confidence trickster" proper—or rather improper—of the West End of London, the man who lives, as the expression goes, on his wits; but I am writing this article to warn unsuspecting visitors to the Metropolis, and others, against an even more malignant type of adventurer who haunts the quarters of the capital which are devoted to enjoyment, or in other words, the West End.

He does not deal in "confidence." He simply lives by exploiting the unguardedness or the frailty of unthinking people. In other words, he is a "bully." He flourishes in far greater numbers even than the more generally known type of "crook."

His Loopholes of Escape.

The latter, indeed, is a man who risks a lot. He plays a smart and desperate game; and he fully realises that if he is detected, he will have to pay a very heavy penalty. But the bully with whom this article deals is a much more meaner character, a creature who has all sorts of loopholes of escape, even should his true standing be found out.

In nine cases out of ten, he is a retired pugilist, a man who has played his little part in the ring, and who was, very likely, at one time good enough to have done big things if he had been content to go straight. But he did not. He went on the crook, as, alas, not a few good professional boxers have done; and being repudiated by the reputable sporting organisations, had of necessity to adopt illegitimate ways of exploiting his fistic powers.

Carries a Heavy Hammer.

He is always well-dressed; and haunts the so-called fashionable bars of the West End, managing easily to engage in conversation with any men who may come in for a casual drink, and whom he recognises to be not regular habitues of the neighbourhood.

He carries in his pocket—this is no exaggeration—a heavy hammer, with a very short handle—though the nature of the weapon may be varied. For example, the writer has the doubtful advantage of knowing one such individual, who favours a weapon something like a hollow cucumber, made of india-rubber.

A blow with this is sufficient to stun a man, but never leaves a mark. The bully—a plausible person, who speaks in a carefully practised drawl and assumes an entirely spurious military rank—attaches himself, then, to some unsuspecting person, perhaps by passing the maches, and then offering a drink, and follows his fortuitous acquaintance out of the bar. He suggests another drink somewhere else—nay, he will take no refusal. He leads the way down some quiet side street, of which there are many around Piccadilly Circus—and then he plays his card.

Once in a secluded place, he whispers that there are three or four "fighting men" who are after *him*. Could the other *lend* him ten shillings to "square" them? At the same moment, two or three other men make a sudden appearance from somewhere, and close round the unsuspecting victim. If he does not disgorge the sum demanded—well, the place is very quiet; and a few blows on each side of the head with the "handy pocket weapon" alluded to above is enough to quieten him. Then his pockets are gone through expeditiously; and he is left leaning up against a wall, where a belated constable finds him afterwards, and advises him to go home "and sleep it off."

Resorting to Blackmail.

An even worse type of bully is the man who follows youngsters who happen to have any casual traffic with the night-birds of the West End. Unsuspected by the former, he follows them to their homes, finds out the addresses of their parents or employers (through their landlady, or otherwise) and in nine cases out of ten manages to blackmail them. There is many a youngster, at an Army crammer's, or elsewhere, who contributes largely towards the support of the bullies of this type.

It is even whispered that more than one clergyman is being bled in the same way at the present time.

STRIKERS GULLED BY THEIR LEADERS.

WHAT IT IS UP TO THE WORKERS TO DO.

Once upon a time, common-sense was supposed to be a fairly plentiful article in this country. British common-sense was something to be proud of, something to rely upon. In these days one is tempted occasionally to long for the sober sanity of that vanished past, and to wonder if it will ever return.

Strike follows close on strike, and we are promised that there are more to come.

Directed Against the Community.

The other day Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, the miners' leader of South Wales, was explaining in one of the papers the aims and methods of the new school of labour leaders. He was explaining to them with that impressive calmness and moderation which are always to be found when one of these leaders is addressing the general public, contrasting so strongly with the remarks addressed to the men themselves.

He admitted that the new strikes are directed not against the individual employer, but against the community, and he declared that they were to go on until the demands of the men are granted. These demands he set forth as the minimum wage in all industries, the universal eight-hours day, and housing accommodation of good quality at rents within the reach of all.

Singularly Disquieting Lessons.

And when these are obtained we shall have peace. That is the suggestion. But it is to be noted that there is no suggestion as to how the strike habit is to be cured, and that there is no hint of any kind of guarantee that this peace will be respected when it is attained.

On that point we have only past experience to go upon, and the lessons of past experience are singularly disquieting. For they make it very plain that as soon as a minimum is agreed upon and the agitators have had time to take a rest there will be a demand for an increased minimum.

They make it plain also that the promises given by these new-style leaders are worth exactly the value of the paper they are written upon. In a word, they make plain the fact that the men who are at the bottom of this business have no intention of stopping it, or of trying to stop it while there is a living to be made out of it.

In consequence, it is up to the workers of the country to face things squarely and honestly, to see the matter as it affects them, and as it affects the country, and to examine the theories of the agitators keenly and relentlessly, and then to shape a course of action for themselves.

Effect of New Labour Policy.

In this article I want to point to the effects of the new labour policy on the workers themselves; next week I hope to make some suggestions for dealing with the state of affairs to which we have been brought.

To each group of workers in turn the strike leaders come. "Now," they say, "You are badly treated. You ought to have lots of things that you haven't got, and you want them. Follow our advice, and you can have them."

The talk goes on; as long as may be necessary, and the strike comes. For a certain length of time it drags along, while the men idle at street corners, and their wretched wives and children manage as best they can on the strike pay. Then, with the assistance of Sir George Askwith, a peace is patched up, and the agitators go off to another group, and tell the same old tale, with one small addition.

The Obeying Order Performance.

"Look what we did for those other chaps!" they say. "We'll do as much for you if you obey orders."

The orders are obeyed, and once more the performance is given. Then it is repeated with another group, and presently the turn of the first lot comes to have another, and the men go home and tell their wives that they are coming out again, and the wives, many of a second go at it, and the men go home and tell their wives them, go away and do a little weeping on their own account. They have begun to learn something of the meaning of these strikes, and they know all about this idea of appealing to the community. For all practical, money-spending purposes, they are the community.

They began to learn last summer. When the transport workers got busy then, who do you suppose paid the bill? Most of us felt the effects of the strike to some extent, but our knowledge was superficial compared with that obtained by the women who had the normal number of mouths to fill, with prices giving faithful imitations of sky-rockets in all directions.

Distress in the Homes.

The same happened in the railway strike, and then there was the coal strike. Who suffered through that? Certainly not the people with houses furnished with big coal cellars. All that we had to do was to get in two or three tons at fairly normal prices, and then wait till it was over. But what about the homes where coal is bought by the hundredweight at most at the time? That is where the suffering was. Out of those pockets came the cost of that war. And the hundreds of thousands who were thrown out of work by it were the poorest, those to whom the regular weekly wage is of the highest importance.

Making an Intolerable Burden.

So is the effect of the new trade unionism made plain. The agitators say that they are out to make the country conscious of the sufferings of the poor. They are setting about it in the queerest way ever imagined outside of a lunatic asylum, simply by increasing those sufferings, piling them up, and making an intolerable burden of them.

They want to wake up the nation, and they do it by strikes which are intended to terrorise the whole community. But if the poor are the nation, where is the need to wake them up? Don't they know enough about it already?

But if I try to chase these circular arguments, I shall get into as bad a muddle as any of the gentlemen who make a living out of gulling the workers and fomenting endless strikes. Let me get back to the hard ground of fact, and in particular to this fact.

The strike which sends the poor man's home bit by bit to the pawn shop doesn't matter the price of a gallon of petrol to the rich man.

Masters Don't Suffer.

That is the point which has dawned already on many of the women; that is the point which I want to drive into the heads of as many of the men as I can reach.

The masters don't suffer. Of course they are inconvenienced. Profits drop, and business goes to Germany, but that doesn't affect the man in the motor-car to any appreciable extent. If his industry is going to be ruined, he will get out of it while there is time, and put his money in something else, and continue to live in the luxury to which he has been accustomed. But will you tell me what is to become of the men whom he employed when their employment is gone, when his factory, works, or warehouse, is shut down?

I put it to the working men of this country that the talk of the agitators. and the whole idea of the new trade unionism is rubbish.

Untold Harm to Industries.

The new trade unionism is, when you get to the heart of it, nothing but a spending at top speed of the funds accumulated under the old leaders. It involves untold harm to the industries of the country. It has already had the effect of sending much trade to our competitors in other nations. It hurts only the poorest.

Carried any further its results can only be these:—

The poorest will be brought to a poverty more bitter than any they have yet known.

The prosperous workers will be gradually dragged down to the same level.

Our foreign competitors will annex our trade, and we shall come to a time of closed mills and workshops and offices which will spell unimaginable suffering for all but the wealthy.

That is the prospect—dark enough in all consciousness. Next week I will try to outline the way of escape from this perplexity.

H. L.

(To be continued.)

SWINDLES.

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS.

By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

22.—"FOUND DROWNED" AT THE SEASIDE.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

It is absurd to ask, as several correspondents have been doing, whether all the swindles I attempted came off trumps. Of course they didn't. With the inevitability of fate in every walk of life, failure alternated with success.

All I claim is a fair share of the latter, without any disproportionate allotment of the former.

Sequel to Worst Failure.

When failures came I took them in a philosophic spirit, as part of the gamble; and simply trusted for better luck next time. If I have said little or nothing about them, the reasons are not far to seek; it is naturally more pleasant to recall my successes, as far as my own feelings are concerned; and, equally as naturally, "revelations" alive with the excitement of having "come off all right" make more interesting reading.

For instance, the strange happenings I narrate this week were a sequel to the worst failure I ever had, but the interest is in the sequel, not in what led up to it. It follows that a mere reference to the latter will suffice for all purposes.

The failure in question had not only done me out of my anticipated gains, but placed me in imminent danger. In other words, I was "wanted." The police were searching for me with a perseverance that was worthy of a better cause. The scent being particularly warm in the metropolis, the scene of the abortive operations which had caused all the trouble, I felt the need of a change of air.

I was on the rocks—almost cashless—but a Bank Holiday was approaching, and on the Saturday before the Monday cheap tickets would be issued on all the main lines. Besides the consideration of enforced economy, it would be easier to dodge the plain-clothes men at the London termini in the crush of the special traffic than in the quiet traffic of an ordinary day. There were only a few days in between. I got through these impatiently but safely, and on the Saturday morning made my way to Paddington.

On arrival at Torquay, I still had nearly a shilling left. Having faked up enough luggage to pass muster, I had it put on the 'bus at the station from the best hotel in the place. If I had had a little more in my pocket, the second-best might have done me, but as things were I couldn't be too careful in keeping up appearances.

Shocked by "Wanted" Bill.

Once at the "Grand," I started in to do myself well, and to make good on the abstentions I had lately been suffering from. After an especially choice and liberal breakfast on the Sunday morning, I sauntered forth to walk the three pleasant miles to Paignton, at an angle of the bay. Entering the smaller town badly in want of a drink, and cogitating as to how to get one on a false pretence without paying for it, I came bang up against the police station, and before I got past it had the shock of my life.

On a bill stuck up outside it, my own name stared me in the face. I was advertised for among the "wanted." The given description of me extended to the very clothes I was wearing, in the absence of any others as good—a neat suit of blue serge.

Once clear of the straggling outskirts of Paignton, I had the rocky, cavernous seashore all to myself. Neither behind me nor ahead was there a human form in sight. I was shut in between two promontories. Only on rounding the farther one did I catch sight of the man whose death was so soon and so swiftly to link him with my life. His stride was shorter than mine, for I was overtaking him; but he walked with as free a swing and as youthful a gait, never once looking behind him. Scrambling over some rocks, he disappeared from my view until I mounted them a few minutes afterwards.

He had stopped, and appeared to be gazing on the tempting-looking water, glistening in the warm sheen of the sun. I saw him turn, and enter a little cave. Divining his intention, I rejoiced at it, and waited behind a boulder that concealed me from his observation. At the least, his clothes—I had noted that he wore a tourist costume of light grey—would serve me as a temporary disguise; and there were sure to be other advantages. He emerged from the shelter stripped naked. Running to the sea's edge, he plunged in and struck out.

Bather Seized with Cramp.

Then I hurried. Keeping my eyes on the swimmer all the time, I gained the cave before he gave a single glance shoreward over his shoulder. When he did look, I was invisible, and while he swam further on I was busy getting out of my own suit into his.

It was in the latter that I watched him drown. It was all over very quickly. There wasn't much in it from beginning to end. The shrieks of a man seized with cramp, a few convulsive movements of white arms held high above a sinking head, a lifeless body washed out to sea with the outgoing tide—that was all.

In a careless heap I flung my discarded garments just beyond high-water mark, that they might be found easier and sooner. There was enough in the pockets to establish my identity. Almost for certain they would be found first—I mean before the corpse of the drowned man was picked up or washed ashore. It would be assumed that the clothes were his, and that he was I. It would be taken for granted that I was drowned—I should be missed, but no longer "wanted." As to who I was now, in my nicely fitting tourist suit of light grey tweed, that depended on who their former wearer was, or had been. No doubt I should find out on going through his papers. For the moment I was satisfied to know that he had left a watch and chain and about a couple of pounds behind him, with a cigar case, a promising looking pocket book, keys, and a number of other useful miscellaneous articles.

It was still a long walk to Brixham, and before I got there I had sorted things out and decided on a course of action.

News from a Milkman.

As for visiting cards, letters and other papers, I was Mr. Hugh Hughes, in occupation of a flat at Disraeli Gardens, Putney, of which I had the keys. I was probably a bachelor, or shouldn't have been carrying these keys about with me. I must be in a pretty good position, the ticket of which I was in possession of the return half—Paignton to Paddington—wouldn't have been a first-class one.

I travelled all night, and reached Putney at dawn. Hanging about until I could intercept the matutinal milkman, and a little later the early postman, among other items of information that I picked up about myself, I learnt that I often locked up my rooms and went away for short periods, and this time I wasn't expected back for another week. From the milkman I even learnt a little of my domestic customs—he was personally acquainted with the charwoman who came in every day to "do" for me when I was in residence.

There was no one to challenge my entry or stay my visit, or to interfere with my operations while I stayed within the flat. I put in a busy and profitable morning in the selection and packing of portable valuables. Of these, and of cash, I found more than any prudent man would have left behind him so carelessly. The heavier and bulkier articles that I took away with me to Scarborough next day, after realising on jewellery, etc., came in very useful.

No Clothes on the Beach.

The bathing fatality didn't pan out in the newspapers quite in accordance with my reckoning. A body was found—as per expectation. Through its contact with rocks, or the keel of a ship, the features were quite unrecognisable. The verdict of the coroner's jury—after an adjournment of one week—was an open one: "Found drowned."

What entirely upset my calculations was the fact that my clothes were not found on the beach; no clothes were found on the beach, although an extended search was expressly made. Unidentified, unclaimed, the body of Hugh Hughes was buried as that of a man unknown.

Presumably the police continued to look for me, but as days grew into weeks, and weeks into months, the fear of their finding me gradually faded from my mind, and at last I reappeared in the haunts I had been fighting shy of

During my absence from them I had been speculating on the chances of various new forms of swindling, and the idea that stuck longest was that it might be worth my while to try on the spiritualistic-medium fake. To get the hang of the thing, I took to attending seances in various parts of London. At first, and for the greater part, they were dull affairs; but at last at one of them "something happened."

The gathering was a semi-private one, held at the house of an aristocratic crank with whom I had scraped acquaintance at a similar gathering of a more public character. As newcomers arrived to complete the circle, they were introduced to any strangers already in the room, and in like way I was presented to an aged, amiable, and soft-looking couple on the hearing of whose name, though it was not an uncommon one, I pricked up my ears—"Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, of Taunton."

Julian Gets to Work.

That "of Taunton" left little doubt in my mind as to their being the father and mother of Hugh Hughes, for I had found letters to him so signed among his papers, postmarked and dated from Taunton.

The medium of the evening was a lanky, long-haired, shrewd-eyed impostor "answering to the name of" Julian St. Kilda. After the usual singing and invocations and the delivery of a short address from the head of the house (who had mentioned to me aside, that the Hugheses couple were "earnest and serious inquirers" who were staying with him on purpose to prosecute their investigations under his auspices, their friendship with him indicating to me that they were themselves—as they appeared to be—people of some "class"), Julian got to work. But his form struck me as falling far short of the reputation I understood he had acquired, and things were going very flat until I took an active part in the show. My game was to play up to old Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, one hand of each of whom I was holding as I sat between them. Going off into a far better trance than Julian had yet recovered from, I gave a clairvoyant description of the drowning, and the scene of the drowning, of the deceased Hugh Hughes, leaving nothing out except myself and my own doings. "I see the face of the struggling man," I exclaimed—and then my memory of a signed photograph in his rooms helped me to make good on this. "I get the name of Hugh," I declared. "And now I see clothes—his watch, his chain, his pocket-book, his jewellery."

Information of Missing Son.

Releasing my hands from the tightened clasp of the old lady and gentleman, "the vision passes," I cried, and came to myself, trembling. Mrs. Hughes was fainting; her husband was too agitated for any immediate coherent utterance. At last they had news of their missing son—I became afterwards how it was that up to that night they had only thought of him as missing. In realising, now, that he was dead, they believed they had found a medium through whom the gulf between him and them could be bridged. The very man through whose agency had come the shock of the truth could—and perhaps he only could be the administrant of the only consolation they could ever know. There was money in the cards, and I stood to win the first trick. But Julian trumped the trick again as into a state of semi-conscious inspiration.

With closed eyes and twitching limbs, he went off

"I see the sad scene too," he said, softly but clearly. "But I see more. I see a man walking along the top of the cliff, who beholds what is going on below. I see what follows. The man descends. He picks up a suit of clothes. The clothes are of blue serge. He walks off with them. Now everything disappears—all grows dark."

Clear Case for Compromise.

We had an explanation, and arrived at an understanding, immediately the seance broke up. I mean, an understanding as to the future. Together we worked them, for everything we could get out of them. Once tapped, they bled freely. We lived on them. Before long we lived with them as well. Hugh took to advising the old man from the other world, what to do with his money in this world—and I didn't say what that meant. Before the few friends of the simple couple got to know what had been going on and warned us off, our influence over them had become paramount, and we had nearly played out. They hadn't much more to lose when we did lose them, we soon found others to be ready. [illegible] the same sort of bait as the bait they had risen

TOMLINSON'S SILK HATS.

DISPOSING OF ANCIENT HEADGEAR

NO EASY MATTER.

Tomlinson is addicted to a topper. He glories in a frock coat, a silk hat, and a button-hole.

There is no earthly reason why he should dress as he does for he is quite independent and might go about as shabby and comfortable as he liked, and no one would refuse his cheques.

But he is a bit of a crack, is Tomlinson, in other things besides hats.

He has dozens of hats, all toppers, in every stage of freshness, or the reverse. Three at least in constant use, and always buying.

If you go out with him he seems to be unable to pass a hatter's shop.

"What do you do with the hats you discard?" I asked him once.

He gave a melancholy sort of smile and shook his head.

I suspected he had got into trouble trying to dispose of ancient headgear.

Later I found out.

It is easier to dispose of wrongly acquired property than it is to get rid of your own old silk hats!!

The hatter's receipted bill goes for nothing.

I said, "Why don't you bury them? But he quoted something out of the "Dream of Eugene Aram," to the effect that earth refused to hide them. So I said no more.

Mrs. Tomlinson has tried to utilise these old hats.

She has filled them with earth, and some seeds therein, and hung them up in the porch, and in the parlour windows,

She has made most useful and ornamental work baskets out of them, but there are limits even to a woman's ingenuity.

The children have had them for dolls' cradles, but they don't appear to have caught on in that capacity. And so Tomlinson goes out every now and then on strange errands in the dusk with mysterious packages, like some dread Anarchist waiting for an opportunity to win a crown of martyrdom at some luckless mortal's expense.

Some of the smartest detectives in the force have wasted precious time in shadowing Tomlinson, and lost many a chance of distinction, to say nothing of covering themselves with ridicule when with great show of bravery they have carried to the nearest police station an old silk hat under the mistaken idea that it was an infernal machine.

Tomlinson has not sense of humour, he takes himself seriously; if he'd only see the farce himself, but he doesn't. Fancy a dignified sort of chap sneaking down to the water's edge on a dark night with a bundle under his arm, and then making a bad shot, and pitching it right into the river police boat, and hitting one of the fellows in it on the nose, and being surprised at the result—that's Tomlinson!

He has presented every cabby within hailing distance of his villa with some of these old tiles.

But Tomlinson reached the limit when he insisted on his odd man attiring himself in his discarded raiment.

Now Tomlinson is tall and thin and spare; the odd man is short and thick, with no legs to speak of—and those are not straight.

Tomlinson presented him with a pair of trousers, a long brown coat, and a silk hat.

The trousers buttoned round the odd man's neck with the bottoms well turned up might have passed muster; the coat however, trailed on the ground, so that his enemy the gardener, next door, could easily tread on the tail of it; but the hat!

Well, the odd man's features were such that never would harmonise with a topper, and as it was several sizes too large for his head, he looked for all the world like a guy on the 5th of November, crossed with a scarecrow.

Tomlinson said stuff it with paper, but the odd man said he'd rather throw up the job; as it was, the hat helped to smother the rest of his language.

Tomlinson has tried making a bon-fire of them, but he has been summoned by the neighbours for smoking them out.

He might try a rummage sale, but they're worse than used postage stamps.

Tomlinson says he's going to try the Goodwins this year.

A. M. STEWART.

MY NOTE BOOK.

WELL DONE!

Two or three weeks ago I reminded my readers, in effect, that the oftener they liked to write me upon any subject of interest, the better I would be pleased. That the invitation has been accepted in the manner I wished it to be even the office boy who brings my letters would be able to bear testimony if questioned from the quantity standpoint. From North, South, East and West has come correspondence as varied as a man's feelings when playing billiards, providing he's a novice.

In many instances a personal letter was asked for. Other readers put questions and furnished information which no doubt will be regarded in the light of "matter of general interest." For instance, from R.G.H. (Birmingham) came the question "Which do you consider has the best time—the professional cricketer or the professional footballer?" Now, having heard the opinion of Tom Hayward, the great Surrey cricketer, on the subject, and knowing just where to lay my hand on it I looked it up and give it in his own words: "With luck," he said, "a professional cricketer may reasonably expect to go on playing for fifteen or twenty years, whereas a footballer rarely lasts from five to ten. There is less chance of serious injury, and the game is usually played under more pleasant conditions. When he is past active service the cricketer can usually obtain a post as a coach, though probably his 'benefit' and savings will have made him independent in a moderate way. The footballer, on the other hand, can rarely look forward to such a certainty. On the whole I think cricket is a first-rate career for the young man who is fond of an open-air life, and has the sense to keep steady."

My hope to have been able to give definitely in this number the date when the new athletic badge can be secured has not been realised. The matter, however, is being hurried along. So better luck next time. By the way, Nice Place postcards are still obtainable.

* * *

THE PIGEON FANCIERS' "DERBY."

Pigeon fanciers throughout the country will await with considerable interest the result of the great race from Faroe. Dispatched from London this week, the birds will on arrival at Thorshaven be liberated as soon as the weather permits. There is no doubt that the task before the birds will be the greatest ever imposed upon birds on the North Road. After the start birds must fly at least 300 miles before they reach the mainland, but, judging from the quality of the pigeons entered, if they once touch land at Thurso or elsewhere they will find no difficulty in homing. The last time, however, Faroe was tried only one bird was ever heard of again after liberation. This bird returned to Thorshaven, absolutely refused to face the dangers of the Channel crossing, and was sent back to its owner in a basket.

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COLOURS AND THE APPETITE.

The influence of colour may never have struck you, but according to a correspondent all human beings and some animals are very sensitive as to the colour of food.

Certain colours, he asserts, stimulate the appetite and digestion; others have the reverse effect. White foods, such as white fish, are stimulating; but all foods artificially coloured green appear to be avoided by everyone. In fact, neither blue nor green is conducive to a healthy appetite. To sit down to dinner in a green papered room often destroys one's desire for food at all.

Colour has also a striking effect upon the nervous system, Red produces the most exciting sensation, and instances are numerous of those who, living in rooms papered and furnished in red, become cases for nerve specialists. When yellows, greens, browns, or tans are substituted for the reds the improvement in health is most noticeable.

Red has also a strong effect upon children. The teacher of a Sunday school infant class was assigned a room with a bright red carpet. The children became restless and unruly. Suspecting the cause, she had the carpet changed to one of a soft green tone. The quieting effect on the children was marked. Violet, the colour of sadness and grief, is the most depressing of all the colours, and when persons are exposed to its exclusive influence the most terrible dejection and stagnation is produced.

THE STATE BARGE FRONTISPIECE.

Seeing that the *Modern Man* frontispiece this week shows the State barge, in which the King and Queen will attend Henley Regatta, being overhauled and redecorated at Staines, a few facts concerning the famous and historic craft will be appropriate. In spite of its antiquity—the vessel was built by William III. for his Consort Mary in 1680—it is still a watertight, serviceable boat, some 40 ft. in length, built on the lines of Dutch naval architecture, and, like the old State barges, highly ornamented and canopied. On the stern is the Royal Coat of Arms, and the carven Lilies of France, quartered with the Lions of England, are part of its decoration. To the citizens of this generation the State barge is little more than a tradition. Until it made its appearance at Eton eight years ago this month, with the late King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra on board, many doubted its existence.

The appearance of it carries us back into the old life of the metropolis when the northern bank was dotted with noblemen's palaces, each with its landing-place and its private retinue of barges.

If records are to be relied upon, it was not considered undignified in the past for a distinguished passenger to extend a helping hand to his weary bargeman. Wolsey, when acting as intermediary between his Royal master and the injured Katherine, made many journeys backwards and forwards on the Thames. One day, when freely perspiring from his labours and wiping his brow, a Bishop who was his companion was thus addressed by the Cardinal: "Sir, it is a very hot day." "Yes," was the reply, "if ye had been as well chaffed as I have been within this hour, ye would say it was very hot."

Queen Elizabeth was wont to display her utmost pomp on the river; Henry VIII. always had a barge in waiting upon him, and the Royal accounts showed innumerable items paid to watermen for "waiting with barge and boat." Many pictures bear evidence of the love which James I. had for the river, and it is recorded that Charles I., when created Prince of Wales, journeyed from Barn Elms to Whitehall in aquatic state.

* * *

A CIRCUS PROPRIETOR IN TEARS.

The humorous article, *The Object of Golf*, published a fortnight ago, tickled "H.C." (Melrose) to such an extent that he has set out to record in cold print his own experiences on the links. I am unable to quote the whole letter, but have taken from it a short extract, which runs: "When I go out for a round I am followed and criticised by scores. On one occasion when a circus visited our town the proprietor came to me with tears in his eyes and begged and implored me not to play, as no one would go to see his clowns when I was playing." My Melrose friend concludes by inviting the writer of the article to join him at a game if he happens to pass his way, assuring him of a good day's sport." Not being my contributor's keeper I cannot speak for him; so the only thing to do is to wait and see. In the meantime, however, I should advise "H.C." to diligently devote himself to patience. I am afraid he will need it.

* * *

CANADIAN READER'S BOAR HUNT.

I have never hunted the boar myself, judging by a description given me by R. E. Wells, a member of the *Modern Man* League, now in Canada, it provides a good share of excitement.

"The boar had gone south," says R. E. W., "and mounting our horses we were soon galloping across the prairie in the wake of the wounded animal. We had been on a trail in the morning, and after three dogs had been killed and we had nearly got up to it, it had doubled on us and taken the south trail to the lake. After riding about an hour we picketed on a 'bluff' and eventually came upon our quarry at the foot of a pass. Quickly unslinging our rifles we added another half a dozen bullets into the boar, which brought it to its knees. Negotiating the intervening space we were soon at close quarters, and our two remaining dogs at a given signal rushed up and secured the beast by the ears, one on either side. We quickly had it on poles swung between two horses and conveyed back to camp. Bear's head was on the menu that night for supper. I can tell you it is a jolly life trapping; a life full of excitement and change. The 'boys' out here look forward to your paper every week, and sitting around the fire with our pipes on we are at peace with the world."

YOUR EDITOR.

PERSONAL PARS.

SOME COMICAL INCIDENTS.

His Honour Judge Parry has told a good story about a police ball which his father and mother once went to at Maidstone. A young officer was stationed at the door to announce the names. When the judge's father asked him to announce "Mr. Serjeant and Mrs. Parry" he was evidently struck by their respectable exterior and announced them as "Mr. Inspector and Mrs. Parry."

A Bogus M.P.'s Joke.

An amusing story is told of a stay which Sir Robert Perks, M.P., made at a hotel in a certain Midland town. While there he arranged to receive a number of local Wesleyans in order to discuss some important matter. Curiously enough, there happened to be staying at the same hotel a journalist who was also named Perks, and he and a fellow scribe, hearing of the visit of the deputation, determined to have a little at the expense of the famous Nonconformist.

When the local gentlemen arrived a friend of Mr. Perks, the journalist, received them in great style and conducted them into the presence of his companion with the utmost grace and courtesy.

The bogus M.P. gave them a cordial welcome, and spoke to them at some length, to their entire satisfaction. When the Wesleyans discovered the trick their dismay can be imagined, but it is said the amusement of Mr. Perks, the real M.P., was unbounded.

Pun Averts a Panic.

The humour of Sir F. Carruthers could by no means confined to his speeches. He has a rare gift for repartee, and on one occasion his wit prevented what might have been a serious accident. One evening he was giving a lecture when something went wrong with the lighting arrangements of the hall, and the audience was suddenly plunged into darkness.

A panic seemed inevitable, but with wonderful presence of mind "F. C. G." saved the situation by saying: "Ladies and gentlemen,—I am very sorry to say there was so much gas used during the late election that there is considerable difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply now."

Saved by Tobacco.

Lord Cheylesmore has benefited by being a smoker. He was staying at Nice, Bristol, Paris, the only visitor, when the "People of Order" and the Communists were fighting in the streets. When the reign of the Commune began his lordship was promptly arrested, and went in considerable danger of being shot. Tobacco, however, was very short among the Communists, and the arguments of his pouch and cigar case proved so irresistible to his captors that he was allowed to go, and arrived in London with the first personal information of the establishment of the Commune.

Father's Frank Promise.

When at school Sir William Treloar, who did not forget to play high jinks, and never failed to be left he wanted to go as a soldier. He asked his father to buy him a commission in the Army, but the only reply he got was: "I cannot do that, my boy. But I will tell you what I will do. I will, if you enlist, promise never to buy you out!" William didn't go as a soldier. He waited to be Lord Mayor of London instead.

While Sir William was being made a Knight Lady Treloar was travelling by train to Bournemouth. It is supposed she became Lady Treloar somewhere about Basingstoke. At any rate, when she arrived at Bournemouth a telegram awaited her couched in the following terms:—"Operation successfully performed. Both doing well." The word "both" is accounted for by the fact that Sir William's brother Sheriff was knighted with him.

"MY BEST CUSTOMER."

SHOPKEEPERS BE WARY.

"My Best Customer," is a saying which is frequently on the lips of shopkeepers, especially small shopkeepers.

A man will walk out of a little shop, with the shopkeeper in attendance to open and close the door, and to say "Good-day, sir,—thank you," or some similar phrase.

None too Well Pleased.

Then, the shopkeeper, turning to you, who have just entered, will remark: "Ah! He's my best customer." And in a sort of half-enthusiastic, half-bored manner, he will continue: "And what can I do for you this morning?" as if he expected to have twenty shillings worth of trouble for a sale worth about ninepence farthing.

Now what are your feelings when this happens, as it does happen again and again in small trade?

You are none too well pleased when you are made to feel that your poor bit of custom is really hardly worth the shopkeeper's while to attend to. It brings you down with a thump to your dignity and makes you feel that you are regarded as only one of the odd dozens of customers who run in and out for ha'porths of sweets.

Every shopkeeper should make every customer feel that he is "my best customer," every time any trade is done.

Very Often a Danger.

In another way, a "best customer" is often a danger to trade. The man who looks for a turnover of—let us say for argument—30s. a week from one regular customer, is only too liable to take no trouble to show enterprise in attracting other good customers. Mr. So-and-so has spent his 30s. a week for so many years at the shop that that 30s. has come to be looked upon as a certainty and to be depended on.

No shopkeeper should depend on the most regular customer. He must ever be inducing new regular customers, and should not count on a farthing of profit till that farthing is safely in the till, and the goods are sold and delivered.

Uncertainty of Custom.

In short, a good regular customer—a "best customer"—tends to deaden a shopkeeper's consciousness of the absolute uncertainty of any custom. One day that "best customer" will get gout and go to live at the seaside, and then, possibly when it is too late, the shopkeeper will see his error.

C. EASTON GREY.

FAKING AT ROULETTE.

HOW THE TRICKSTER WORKS.

The game of roulette which one generally sees played at pleasure fairs, on race courses, and elsewhere, is faked to a considerable extent, but to an ordinary on-looker or player it seems quite a fair game.

In the first place the odds are against the backer, no matter how fair the game is played. Secondly, the trickster who runs the game can make the ball go into any colour he likes.

Control Over the Ball.

The little brass stops between each colour can be raised at will, so that they form a much higher barrier to the ball than when they are in the ordinary position. These are generally lifted by the thumb and second finger, when the trickster has picked up the ball and is about to give the wheel a turn, one at a time. By manipulating the ball and wheel at various speeds, the ball can be made to stop in front of one of the lifted stops, or just to buck over it into the colour on the other side.

These movable stops are generally worked on each side of the higher priced colours, which have a run of low priced ones on each side. The low colours not having the stops raised, the ball, if travelling fast, will run over the lower colours, and either stop dead in front of the raised stop, or if it has sufficient way will buck over the stop into the next colour.

Choosing the Colours.

The trickster watches carefully the money being put on the different colours, and can tell at a glance which colour will pay him best, and works his game accordingly.

For instance, the wheel and ball are put in motion, and the trickster intends the ball to favour yellow—an eight to one chance. The pennies are being thrown all over the board, mostly on the low colours, black and red, then some one chucks a sixpence or a shilling on the yellow; now there is a black colour on each side of yellow on the wheel, and should the ball, as intended, drop into yellow, whilst the wheel is still running fast none but a practised eye could tell whether the ball was in black or yellow. The trickster will shout "black wins," and snatches up the ball and pays out on the even money black, a lesser sum than he would pay over yellow.

Now, if there had been no money on the yellow, he would have allowed the wheel to slow down, so as everyone could plainly see the yellow winner.

Paying on the Lowest.

Of course, if all the colours are backed he will endeavour to pay over on the lowest. Sometimes he will let one player win just to keep him at the game, but if he sees him doubling his bets on anything above black, up come the stops one by one, around the colour being backed, and it takes a very short time to clear that player out unless he is lucky and leaves off, or tries a change of colour. The other players can be "attended" to afterwards.

M.F.M.

Rapid Physical Development.

BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

Finger Exercises.

The truth that "the strongest part of a chain is its weakest link" applies equally to the human frame.

We all have our *tendon Achilles*, our vulnerable spot which is going to let us down in an emergency.

While the flaw in our armour varies with individuals it may safely be said that the average man's weakest link is his fingers.

Despite the widespread growth of physical culture, little or no attention is paid to developing strong yet supple fingers.

This is rather extraordinary, for a man's life may easily depend on the power of his fingers when he is climbing some dizzy cliff or rock, or when, in the case of a fire, he has to hang from a window-ledge till help comes.

Then the fingers play an important part in many trades, and digital dexterity and power go a long way towards success at ball games.

And, of course, perfect control and development of the fingers is absolutely essential to instrumental musicians, to sculptors, and to a large extent to those who draw or paint.

I consider the subject of such importance that I propose to devote two or three articles to it, and this week we will start with some simple free exercises for the fingers.

Simple though they be, I shall be surprised if they do not make your hands ache, simply because they are unaccustomed to finger gymnastics.

First movement: Separate the fingers and thumb as widely as possible, then close the fingers on the ball of the thumb, and press hard on it. Keep this position for a moment, then bring the thumb against the fore-finger, and repeat, say, 40 times. (Figs 1 and 2.)

Second movement: Separate the fingers as before, and double them on the hollow of the palm, at the same time doubling the thumb against the middle joint of the fore-finger (Figs. 3 and 4). Press firmly and repeat 40 times.

Third Movement: Keeping the fingers and thumb close together, bend the two first finger-joints closely together, at the same time bending the thumb. Bend the fingers and thumb up and down vigorously, pressing firmly as they come down, but keeping the large joints as rigid as possible (Figs. 5 and 6). Repeat 40 times.

Fourth Movement: Move all the fingers and the thumb one after another, separating them as far as you can from one another, like a claw, and alternately bending and raising them in any direction you please (Figs. 7 and 8). Keep on until you are tired, which at first will not be very long, for I am confident that you will find these simple exercises surprisingly fatiguing.

I will just add that should any of my readers suffer from stiff fingers due to gout, rheumatism, strain, clerical work, etc., they will find these movements of great benefit, while the golfer whose weak point is approach shots and putting will soon lower his handicap.

Next week I shall give some mechanical finger exercises.

Answers to Correspondents

L.A.S. (London) says that he has tried my prescription of olive oil for thinness, but finds that it makes him sick. Some persons are very "intolerant" of oil, and might try taking it in a little milk, or soaking a piece of bread with it, or, now that green stuff is in, with salad.

If he finds he really cannot "stomach" the oil internally is to rub it well into the chest and abdomen.

J.M. (Darwen) wants some exercises for the muscles of the back to be performed with an expander. I shall be pleased to comply with his request shortly.

CYRIL (Mansfield).—For knock knees sleep on a horse-hair mattress. Have a cold bath every morning in summer, a tepid one in the winter, with a handful of salt dissolved in the water.

Massage the limbs with the hand for half an hour night and morning. Practise bending and stretching exercises, hopping, and skipping. See that the boots are not worn down at one side.

M.F. (Oldham).—A very good drink for people who perspire excessively in hot weather is compounded as follows. Beat up the yolk of an egg with a little sugar, and add half a quart of cool spring or filtered water, and add half a pint of Moselle or Rhenish wine, and the juice of a little lemon. Any light wine may be used, and half a dozen ice lumps boiled in the mixture instead of egg.

The blood of persons who perspire much in hot weather becomes thick, viscid. This will thin it, and at the same time build up the strength without overheating.

R.C. (Sunday Measurements good. If you attribute it, [illegible] be taken before breakfast. Thanks for wishes.

P. FITZ (Kensington).—Never put anything cold to the ear when suffering from earache. Relief may be obtained by applying a flannel wrung out with hot salt, or fomenting with a flannel wrung out in camomile and poppy-head decoction.

A roasted onion wrapped in muslin and applied to the ear is another good remedy. A small piece of cotton wool soaked in warm olive oil may be put into the ear. It should not, however, be pushed in far, or allowed to remain for any length of time without being changed. If the earache is persistent or recurrent consult a doctor.

WILL (Nottingham).—Hold the handle of the oar with both hands, thumbs underneath, top hand close to the end of the oar, the other about two inches nearer the blade. Some oarsmen, it is true, prefer to keep the thumb of the outside hand over the oar, but in rough weather you are liable to have the oar jerked from their grasp.

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to make and keep you fit, taught privately, and in classes, by Prof. Vernon Smith (Instructor Hon. Artillery Co., etc.), Shepherd's Bush (next Empire), London, W. Illustrated booklet and terms (moderate) 2d. Postal instruction also given.

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THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M), PERTH, N.B.

ARMY OFFICERS AND THE 7th COMMANDMENT.

By CHINSTRAP.

Truth has been calling attention the prevalence of military divorce cases in which both petitioner and co-respondent are brother officers, not necessarily in the same regiment, but in the wide meaning of the term.

The subject may be a trifle unsavoury, but it is of importance not only to the Service, but to the public at large, for it is essentially for "officers and gentlemen" to set and maintain a high standard of honourable behaviour.

The whole crux of the matter is whether an officer who figures as co-respondent in a military suit should be compelled to resign his commission?

A Rule of the Past.

Under Lord Wolseley, and, I think, the Duke of Cambridge before him, this was the rule.

Anyway, Lord Wolseley drew no distinction, and under his rule any officer concerned as co-respondent in a military suit had to send in his papers.

Lord Roberts had a different and perhaps better system. He treated the military co-respondent on the same lines as a bankrupt officer is treated.

When an officer becomes or is made bankrupt his case must be investigated by competent authority, and whether he will be permitted to retain his commission depends on whether his bankruptcy was due to misfortune or to misconduct.

Under Lord Haldane, as Commander-in-Chief, and the Army Council, co-respondents whose conduct have been just about as bad as it could possibly be, have not only been allowed to go scot-free, but have been selected for promotion and for "soft" billets.

Adultery not a Criminal Offence.

It may be said that adultery is not a criminal offence under the law of the land, and that it would be unfair to punish military co-respondents more severely than other men.

The answer to this argument is that the circumstances of Army life are peculiar and particular.

Under military law certain offences which the civil law regards as comparatively venial are very severely punished. Cowardice, for instance, is no legal crime in a civilian, but it is in a soldier.

The offence of "theft from a comrade" provides a better example.

For an act of theft, which in civil life would be punished with a week or two's imprisonment, a soldier is liable to a long term in goal, followed by ignominious discharge from the Army. And rightly so. It is so easy for a soldier to steal from a comrade that an example must be made of the barrack-room thief.

Officers' Wives' Temptation.

The same principle would seem to apply to military co-respondents. I am referring, of course, to cases where all the parties are connected with the Service.

Army officers' wives are often subject to special temptations. Their husbands are frequently away for prolonged periods. They live much among men, and are as a rule greatly outnumbered by them. Further, they often live in countries the climate of which is apt to sap morality.

In a word, if an officer is a blackguard he has many opportunities, and for this reason I say that misconduct should, on the face of it, constitute not merely "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," but "scandalous conduct," the penalty of which on conviction is cashiering, as distinct from dismissal or removal.

There are other reasons why the military co-respondent could not be allowed to remain in the Service, reasons not fully appreciated by the civilian mind.

It may easily happen—I could give specific instances if I liked—that an officer who has been wronged may find himself serving with or under the command of his wife's betrayer. This is, of course, an intolerable situation for him.

The Society of Despised Men.

Then the rights and peculiar social situation of Army ladies have to be considered.

Suppose, for example, that a county gentleman is mixed up in a disgraceful divorce case, it is open to the rest of the county, masculine and feminine, to "cut" him.

But how on earth can the wives of junior regimental officers "cut," say, the colonel of the regiment, he having figured in a discreditable case?

So long as military co-respondents are allowed to retain their commissions so long will pure, sensitive ladies be practically compelled to acknowledge and admit to their society men whom they detest and despise.

Suppose again that a certain co-respondent marries the divorced woman, the rest of the society in which he moves can please themselves whether they will receive her or not.

But when the co-respondent in similar circumstances is an officer, and more especially a senior officer, the other married ladies of his regiment or corps are practically compelled to receive his wife, though they may have excellent reasons for objecting to her acquaintance.

If they "cut" her, a very awkward situation is again created, subversive of discipline and social harmony.

Truth alleges that military divorce suits are unduly common. This may or may not be so, for the prominence the Press gives to military cases is apt to be misleading.

No Worse than Other Men.

Personally, I don't believe that Army officers are any worse than other men, considering their special temptations and opportunities, but I should say that immorality in the Army is encouraged by the system which allows officers to make foolish matches, or to marry women of undesirable character.

America and ourselves are the only civilised nations that permit naval and military officers to marry without leave and without any inquiry into the lady's character.

French, German, Russian, Japanese and other foreign officers all have to obtain leave to marry, even when of high rank, and if required must satisfy the military authorities that the lady is fitted to be an officer's wife and to mix in good society.

SWIMMING POINTERS.

HINTS TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS BY A PROFESSIONAL.

If you are caught in a strong current, don't swim dead against it. Swim diagonally across it to the bank or the shore.

* * *

When bathing in open water, beware of under-currents. In fact, never dive in strange water, particularly lock pools, unless you have someone with you who knows the place intimately and is an expert swimmer.

* * *

If you get accidentally among weeds, don't on any account swim. Simply move your hands as a boatman does his blades in sculling. If you swim, the arm stroke and the kick of the feet will at once entangle the weeds round your legs, arms, and body.

* * *

At the seaside, if you are stung by a jelly-fish, rub the affected part vigorously with the juice of a lemon. Failing this, glycerine and rose water is a useful lotion.

* * *

The Way to Turn Round.

Always take a brisk walk after swimming—however short a time you may have been in the water.

* * *

To turn round in the water (not an easy feat) place the hand of the lower arm flat against the submerged side (over-arm stroke), take breath, and then swing the other arm round, at the same time dipping the head and drawing up the knees. This turns the body.

* * *

When you are doing this in a bath, you can, after turning, put both feet against the side and push off. In this way a highly enjoyable impetus is given to the body, and enables you to shoot the arms forward for the next stroke.

* * *

You can gauge a straight course in open water by picking out some object on the beach or bank, and making directly for it.

* * *

Look out for broken bottles, empty tins, etc., in muddy river water.

CYCLE HIRING EXTORTIONS.

STRANGERS AND THEIR DEPOSIT MONEY.

It is quite a common practice for people who engage in the hiring out of bicycles to ask for money deposit from strangers who hire a machine. This is to safeguard themselves against the contingency of seeing neither the stranger nor the machine again.

Big Deduction from a Deposit.

Quite recently the writer was told of a case where a man hired a bicycle for the day, £2 10s. being left with the owner as deposit. Unfortunately the hirer met with a slight accident, for which he was in no way to blame, and in which the bicycle received some damage.

On returning the machine the owner deducted ten shillings from the deposit to pay for the damage the bicycle had received. To this the hirer, unacquainted with the law on such matters, reluctantly submitted.

Now the owner went beyond his legal rights in retaining the ten shillings, and had the hirer taken the matter to the law courts he could have recovered the money. Probably a threat, in this instance, to take legal action would have had its effect, and resulted in the money being handed back without further bother.

Not an Isolated Case.

It is to be feared that this is not an isolated case of money being illegally extorted from hirers. The writer has heard of instances of sixpence or a shilling extra having been charged when a machine has been returned with a punctured tyre. This charge is quite illegal, as a puncture would fall under the head of fair wear and tear or accidental damage, and, as such, be included in the price paid for the hire, unless it was agreed at the time the machine was hired, that a puncture would involve an extra charge.

This introduces a point of law not so generally known as it might be, namely, that the price paid for the hire covers ordinary wear and tear and accidental damage, unless the damage is caused by the fault or neglect of the hirer.

The owner takes the risks of damage to his machine, and it is open to him to frame his price to cover such risks.

Taking Reasonable Precautions.

A person hiring a bicycle must take every reasonable precaution and care of it, and must return it in the same condition as received, subject to deterioration by reasonable wear and tear, and to accidents which have not been caused by any neglect or fault on the part of the hirer. If the machine suffers through any accident not due to any fault on the part of the hirer, the latter is not liable. In the event, however, of his not having used reasonable precautions, he would be responsible to the owner for the amount of any damage the machine had received.

In case of accident to a hired bicycle, the hirer should refuse to pay for the damage unless he is to blame for the accident, and feels it is his moral duty to pay.

In Case of Legal Action.

Should legal action be taken the English law presumes that proper care was taken of the machine, and on the owner lies the "burden of proving" that due care, on the part of the hirer, was not taken, before he can recover the amount of the damage.

Borrowing differs from hiring. In law a person borrows a thing when he pays no money consideration for the use of it. In this case the borrower is liable to make good to the owner any damage his property may suffer while in the borrower's custody, whether due to the fault of the borrower himself, or the fault of any other party.

These remarks on the legal aspect of hiring, though dealing particularly with the bicycle, apply equally to the hiring of a horse, a horse and trap, a boat, or any other property.

Some Valuable Traffic Advice.

Practice is the best possible teacher of traffic riding. There are times when the best of riders are at a loss to know exactly what to do. Sometimes after being held up by a policeman on point duty, the traffic gets away so sharply—often before the cross traffic has got past—that the cyclist who desires to take the turn to the right may be compelled to go across the road and wait again, or, should he make an effort to cut across, a smash may result.

On a smooth asphalt surface after rain extreme caution must be used, and sharp turns should be avoided, or a side-slip is very likely to result. It is much safer to ride outside the rear off-side wheel of a 'bus or other vehicle than directly behind or on the near side. Never hesitate in the thick of the traffic. Decide what to do and act promptly. Opportunities often present themselves for a cyclist to get ahead of slower traffic, but he must keep a sharp look-out, and see that he is not forced into a position that is dangerous.

When approaching a busy, congested corner, keep an eye on the constable as well as on the traffic in front. It is rather unpleasant to be compelled to put one's brakes on suddenly in obedience to the signal of the point-duty policeman. It may happen that other traffic behind will fail to pull up so readily, and the result may be unpleasant.

Beware of Careless Passengers.

A low-built machine, as used by newsboys, is best adapted for traffic riding. Adjust the saddle so that it is possible to drag the feet along the ground, and a good many difficulties of traffic riding will then be overcome. Though the London traffic is more dense than that of any provincial city, it is easier for a stranger to come to the City to negotiate the streets than it is for a London cyclist to ride in some of the provincial traffic. This is accounted for by the fact that the London traffic is better regulated.

Where electric and other tramcars are in use, care must be exercised in overtaking. Keep on the near side of the car and watch closely for careless passengers alighting or making a dash for the footpath. Never attempt to cross a set of tram rails at a narrow angle, as this is inviting disaster when they are wet, and may even result in a spill at other times if a narrow tyre should happen to get into the groove, or drop through the cable slot.

Tools to Carry when Touring.

A well-made modern cycle in good order is not going to be breaking down, and such happenings are so rare that they are not worth providing for. What ought always to be taken on a day's ride will suffice for a tour, but in this matter riders are so often negligent, going about even with no tools at all.

The tool-bag should contain a repair outfit—a new one in preference, as solufion has a way of evaporating after a time—a tyre repair band for use in case of a bad gash in the outer cover, spanners or wrench to fit every nut, and, of course, any other special tools necessary for effecting adjustments of bearings, levers, etc.

One or two pieces of string, however, may profitably be taken, and also a few small webbing straps, which are well worth their room, and may come in handy for many purposes, from tying on a parcel to fixing up a broken mud-guard.

Don't Forget the Trimmed Lamp.

A mistake some tourists make is to leave the lamp behind. This is most imprudent, as, although daylight will naturally be chosen for sight-seeing, the chances of the road receiving impossible for anyone to be quite sure that lighting-up will never find him a mile or two from his destination.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other obligation. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the country.

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THE MODERN WOMAN.

MAKING THE BEST OF ONESELF.

At the present time there seems to be a large number of ultra-modern women who view life so seriously that they regard the harmless vanities of the average woman with supreme contempt. With them appearances are not of the slightest importance; indeed, a pretty face is often regarded as being something of a trial (particularly if it belongs to someone else), for they will tell you in all seriousness that good looks invariably engender an inordinate desire for clothes, and jewellery. They are constantly insisting that far too much time is spent on personal adorning when it could be so much more advantageously employed on training the mind. Without hesitation I say I don't agree with them, for to me a beautiful mind in a reasonably unattractive body shows an abnormality that is little short of repulsive. To make the best of oneself is the duty of every woman, no matter what her occupation or what her station in life may be. A proper amount of time spent in arranging the hair becomingly, in choosing the best styles to show off the pretty lines (or hide the ugly ones) of the figure, the finding of the exact shade of colour that is most becoming, and all the other little vanities concerning which every true woman has a instinctive knowledge, is not time misspent, but time very well spent indeed.

Your Particular Colour.

The girl with a plain face or an ungainly figure should give twice as much time to the consideration of her general appearance as the girl with a pretty face and figure. More than once I have seen a plain girl literally transformed by a different arrangement of her hair or by the wearing of her own special colour. Very few people seem to realise that for every individual woman there is one particular colour that brings to light every bit of beauty she possesses. It is not always easy to find, for although you may know that blue suits you best you may be years before you find the one particular shade of blue that is for you to use. But once having found it, take my advice and never be without a little of it put somewhere near the face.

The Value of Simplicity.

If your figure is either too plump or too skinny it is best to avoid all styles that are ultra fashionable or remarkable in any way. Simplicity is the best friend for all women of average good looks and figure; only the professional beauty—whose unusual good looks enabled her to rise to her prominent position—can wear with distinction the extremes of fashion. It is well to remember that although a world-famed beauty can look charming in the most freakish of gowns and hats, these same styles make the ordinary woman simply look ridiculous.

* * *

Are you interested in Physical Culture? If not, you should remember that it is a fact becoming more and more evident every day, that real feminine beauty can be maintained only by means of scientific and rational Physical Exercises.

SMART GYMNASTIC DRESS.
This dress would be equally suitable for wear when you are doing your dancing practice, and are needing something short, loose, and light in which you can move quite at ease.

WHAT IS YOUR MEMORY LIKE?

It is by no means uncommon to hear people say, "I can't remember anything. I have such a bad memory. It is a great trouble to me."

Yes, it must be a very tiresome thing to have, and it is also most troublesome to the people with whom you live and work. Don't give yourself up for a bad job, but try to find out exactly what is the matter, and then set yourself to cure it. It certainly can be cured, if you are anywhere under middle-age, and you will find the effort well worth while.

In the first place, put out of your mind the notion that you have a bad memory. There is no such thing. There are slow memories, short memories and inaccurate memories, but nobody has one which is altogether bad.

How to Quicken It.

If you find that you cannot remember things unless they have been told you several times, or if you find it very difficult to recollect any new duty or engagement, though the old ones are easily borne in mind, then you have a slow memory. Try to quicken it by the following exercises, which will work almost like magic:—

Open any book which is not familiar to you, and read a page carefully. Then ask someone else to hold the book, and try how much you can repeat of what you have read. At first you will find that you can recall only one name, or one tiny sentence. Try again to-morrow, and you will recall a much longer sentence. In a week or two you will be able to give a good account of the whole page, and, possibly, repeat as much as an entire paragraph.

At the same time you will find that, through exercise, your memory is growing much more "limber" and you take in far more readily than you used to do what you read and hear.

The Way to Lengthen.

If things "slip out of your mind," and you cannot recall what happened last week, though you could give an exact account of all that occurred to-day; if you forget engagements unless you note them down, and have no recollection of people unless you have seen them recently—then you are troubled with a short memory, which can easily be stretched in the following way:—

When you go to bed at night, take a blank book and write in it any sentence which happens to have struck your fancy. Learn this by heart, which you can very quickly do. If you can draw at all, make a little picture of something which you have seen during the day. Then lock up the book, and promise yourself that you won't glance at it again. After a couple of days, take a sheet of paper, and try to write out that sentence and make that same drawing. Then compare your result with the book.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

On days when it is too hot for the children to run about and play active games, you will find that "Thinking Hide-and-Seek" amuses them nicely and keeps them happy for quite a long time.

All the players sit still, and the one who is chosen as "He" is given a minute in which to make up his mind where he would hide if he were running about. When he has chosen the place he writes down the name of it on a bit of paper, or whispers it to mother, in order to prevent mistakes. Then each of the others in turn ask him a question. "Are you in the nursery?" "Are you in the cupboard on the stairs?" and so on, till the one who first guesses correctly is counted to have made the catch, and is allowed to be the next hider. A time limit should be set, and, if no one has guessed right within that time, the hidden child can announce triumphantly that he has "got home."

Don't Waste Energy.

The housewife should make it a rule not to stand at any task that she can do just as well sitting. For instance, why stand up when you peel potatoes? You are simply using up strength that should be saved for more important matters.

Again, you may waste strength by taking unnecessary steps. This is peculiarly likely to be the case when you have to go up and down stairs a great deal. A little thought and care will save you a good many toilsome climbs. When you have to go upstairs for something, think up several other errands that may require your presence on the upper floor, and contrive to do them all in one trip.

Speaking of going upstairs, do you know that most people perform this feat in the most toilsome manner possible? They bend from the waist, thus cramping up their chests until they cannot get a free breath.

Then they laboriously haul themselves up by clinging to the banister, dragging their feet uselessly after them, and putting the whole strain of the climb on their back. In preparing to go upstairs, stand perfectly erect, throwing out the chest. Keep away from the banister. Lift the feet, bending the knees freely. Let the knees do all the work. In addition to wasting energy about their work, many women fritter away nervous force when they are supposed to be resting. For instance, there is the woman who rocks violently to and fro in her favourite rocker. She may think she is taking things easy, but she is really playing the spendthrift with her nervous vitality.

A SIMPLE HOUSE BLOUSE.
This is a smart model for indoor wear, which looks best in a check material, as shown in the sketch.

Cleaning Sewing Machines.

After years of use every sewing machine is likely to become clogged by fine dust which the machine oil collects on the bearings.

As soon as the machine begins to work heavily take out the shuttle and give every movable part a generous bath of gasoline. Work the foot lever briskly, so that the gasoline may penetrate every part. The old oil and caked dust will loosen and fall out in quantities that will amaze you. Then open the windows of the sewing-room and let the fumes of the gasoline escape. Of course, during the cleaning process, great care must be taken that there is no lighted gas, lamp, or fire in the room. It is a good plan then to let the machine stand without the usual lubricating oil until you are ready to use it again. A piece of chamois should always be kept on hand to wipe off the superfluous oil before beginning to stitch.

* * *

It is an art to make good sandwiches, but fortunately one that is easily acquired.

Use a fine-grained bread and cut in even slices about an eighth of an inch thick, or thinner if the filling is not [illegible]. Crusts are removed after the sandwiches are made, and the bread is then cut in triangles, oblongs or circles.

Be careful in spreading that the bread is buttered on the opposite side of alternate slices or they will not fit.

Butter both slices of bread, but put the filling on one slice only. Put on the top slice and cut the crusts off with a sharp knife. Put neatly on a platter and cover with a damp napkin. This keeps the bread from drying out. The sandwiches can thus be prepared some hours before needed.

Never use slices of meat in a dainty sandwich. Put the meat through a fine chopper until it is almost a paste. Cold chicken, lamb, duck and game make a delicious sandwich filling by seasoning highly with salt, pepper, and a pinch of cayenne, then moistening with rich cream—or with cream—until the mixture spreads easily. Minced ham or tongue is better when mixed with mayonnaise. Cold fish mixtures can be treated in the same way.

Another good mixture is made from the [illegible] leaves of head lettuce—the hearts can be used for salad—cut up fine, mixed with mayonnaise and sprinkled thickly with crisp bacon cut in small pieces.

Removing Candle Grease.

To remove drops of candle grease from clothes. Put several layers of tissue paper under material and several layers (smooth) on top. Press with curling iron "sizzling" hot and iron over top layers of tissue paper. The candle wax is soon absorbed by the paper on both sides of the material. This is less trouble than heating the flat-iron and getting out ironing board, etc.

To Preserve Poultry.

It sometimes happens that poultry is trussed and prepared, but cannot be kept a day or two. A piece of peeled onion placed inside the bird each day will keep it fresh for a long time, provided, of course, that the weather is not very close. The onion absorbs all the germs that would otherwise attack the meat. It must, of course, be removed before cooking. Sliced onions, or a bag of charcoal, placed near meat in the larder will help to keep it fresh and sweet.

Nice Breakfast Dish.

Fried bacon with cream gravy makes a nice breakfast dish. After cooking the bacon free it from superfluous grease. Add a little flour and milk to the drippings that remain, cook the sauce on top of the bacon, and pour it over the bacon. Another way to prepare this dish is to soak the bacon for twenty minutes before cooking, afterwards dipping slices in flour and frying in a very hot greased frying pan. The soaking in milk gives a fine flavour to the bacon, the flour, and the flour insures a crisp crust. Shake the pan well while cooking, and after browning thoroughly on both sides remove the bacon. Pour off superfluous fat, place the slices on rough brown paper to absorb any fat that may adhere to the outside. Stir into the frying pan one or two tablespoonfuls of flour, gradually adding the fat the bacon was soaked in, and season with salt and pepper. When the sauce is thick pour it over the bacon.

* * *

Those who have much kitchen work to do should adopt the following way of keeping the hands in condition. Keep a lemon and a dish of fine oatmeal handy, and after preparing vegetables or fruit, or washing greasy dishes, rub the hands with the meal and lemon juice, before again using water.

WALKING STICKS: THEIR USES IN DIFFERENT PERIODS.

In the matter of walking sticks we have lacked somewhat of late years, and posterity will have little to thank us for. During more than a century we have stood still, and if we have not retrograded we are beholden merely to luck and the slow rotation of fashions. Of course there have always been walking sticks.

Adam was Prompt

If Adam had not his Whangee or Rattan long before he thought of an apron we must remember that an apron with a convenient pocket for string and nails, is in a way indispensable in a garden, where, moreover, an earliest man commonly carried a spade to war against the weeds. But we may be sure that when he found he had to travel, our first parent promptly cut himself a good stout staff forthwith.

The Egyptians, of course, had everything, even photography and penny-in-the-slot machines, and with them as with the Hebrews, the stick played a great part as an emblem of authority. The man who had a stick beat him who lacked one and himself went scatheless.

Henry VIII.'s Collection.

It is recorded that in a pilgrim's staff brought from Greece (whence its export was a capital offence) the first head of saffron was introduced into this country. It was planted at Walsingham, in Essex, with such success that the place took thence its present name of Saffron Walden. Silkworms also found their way to Europe in a pilgrim's staff.

Coming to more modern times we find that Henry VIII. had as magnificent a taste in sticks as he had in most things. In the manuscript inventory of Great Harry's possessions in his palace of Greenwich, are described some elaborate walking canes: "A cane garnished with silver and gylte withe astronomic upon it," "A cane furnished with gold having a perfume in the top; under that a dyall with a pair of twitchers and a ... of compasses in gold, a foot rule of gold, a knife, and a file of gold, and a whistle tipped with gold." This cane would be worth a fortune to any one who could produce it to-day.

Concealing a Revolver.

History and another cane with a revolver and a dagger in the handle. About this period the walking stick entered on its golden age. It was still a tall, stout article, but was made of ivory or some very precious wood and mounted with gold and jewels.

In the seventeenth century it dwindled in size—the big stick being relegated to the lackeys, but its luxury was greater than ever. In the eighteenth century fashionable sticks were made of rare marbles, or fine agates, showing either rich variety of colour or the envied semi-opaque tint known as "clouded." They were slender, and so valuable that commonly they were carried in a sheath of leather or shagreen.

On Pain of Forfeit.

There were ordinances as to the "conduct" of the cane. It was "not to be swung, carried under the arm, or suspended from a button on pain of forfeit" to whoever thought he could take it from the owner.

This glorified state of the cane did not long survive the wearing of the sword. Large oak sticks with great heads and ugly faces carved on them soon replaced the more foppish article and survived until well on in the 19th century. James Robertson, of Kincraigie—known as the "Mad Highland Laird"—became a celebrity about 1776, by reason of his carved sticks. He mounted a fresh one every day with, carved by himself, the effigy of some well-known personage.

Homely and Useful.

To-day the walking stick has, in appearance at least, lost most of its extravagance. It is sober and unpretentious, and in general homely and useful. The crooks and crutches and other excrescences of ornamentation that mark from time to time the walking sticks of our young men, are as nothing beside the fads of fashion of a century and a half ago. The sword, the spear, the "tuck" or dagger, and the pistol no longer lurk within the handle of our modern cane; and the match box and electric torch are surely very proper fancies.

But though inoffensive and perhaps unlovely, walking sticks to-day are for those who can pay well-nigh as much as ever. Not perhaps our home-grown woods, though to be sure a good straight blackthorn rib is worth much money—but the choice foreign woods, for which we are indebted mainly to the West Indies—the orange and lemon, the rattan, the Penang Lawyer, and the dragon (which are the stems of a species of calamus), the whangees, gambees, and doghead canes (which are the stems of tall Chinese grasses), and the Malacca (which comes from Singapore)—are any of them, according to their relative perfection, as expensive as the most extravagant taste could desire.

The Perfect Malacca.

A perfect Malacca, for instance, i.e., a stick of full length between joints, is not dear unmounted at £10. Nor is five guineas an overcharge for a plain dragon or a true whangee.

So rare, however, are these perfections of nature, that ordinary folk lack even the knowledge necessary to promote envy of their few fortunate possessors.

CAPTAIN CYCLES
Cycles from £2 12s. 6d., 5 to 15 years guarantee. A week's free trial allowed. If not satisfied money will be returned in full. "Dunlop," "Clincher," Puncture-Proof, or "Mephisto," the last tyres. "Mephisto," unpuncturable tubes. Booklet "Everything for the Cyclist," sent free, contains Cycles, Frames, Tyres, Tools, Repairs, and every cycle accessory at factory prices. New Cycles offered free to Agents. Send post card. Agents wanted.
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ATTENTION!

A FEW FUNNY STORIES.

Old Nurse Curem had a very pretty daughter, who was met and proposed to by a very wealthy young man while both on holiday bent.

"Molly has done well," said a friend to the bride's mother.

"She has that, ma'am," replied the woman.

"Is her husband very rich?"

"Rich! Save us, yes. You should see Moll's brougham, her coachman, and footman, her motor-car, and her diamonds and pearls. Oh, she lives high. Quite like the nobility and gentry, ma'am. Why, she even strips for dinner!"

The Nigger's Nut.

The hardness of a nigger's head is proverbial, but the fact that it is one of the toughest things in nature received fresh proof quite recently.

A powerful and heavy motor-car, driven by a young millionaire, was flying through one of the main streets of a big city, when an ancient black man essayed to cross the road in front of it.

The man at the wheel shouted, tooted his horn, and clutched frantically at the brake, but it was too late.

Down went the darkie, and plump went the wheels over his head. The car came to a dead stop, and the motorist looked round, expecting to see a fearful sight.

There was the nigger, sitting up, and rubbing his head!

"Why——" spluttered the driver, "why don't you get out of the way?"

"For de land's sake!" cried the darkie, beginning to look scared—"You ain't going to back, are you?"

Up-to-Date.

Many and various are the uses of advertisement. If you want a wife or a wheelbarrow, all you have to do is to insert a few lines in the newspapers, and the goods will be delivered at your doorstep!

But for real up-to-dateness, what price this "left luggage" notice taken from a certain paper:—

"I, Sarah Sulks, if not claimed by Samuel Sulks with fourteen days will be married again.

The Broken Spell.

There were some deficiencies in the early education of Mrs. Donahue, but she never mentioned them or admitted their existence.

"Will you sign your name here?" said the young lawyer whom Mrs. Donahue had asked to draw up a deed transferring a parcel of land to her daughter.

"You sign it yoursilf an' I'll make the marrk," said the old woman, quickly. "Since me eyes gave out, I'm not able to write a wurrd, young man."

"How do you spell it?" he asked, pen poised above the proper space.

"Spell it whatever way you plaze," said Mrs. Donahue, recklessly. "Since I lost me teeth, there's not a wurrd in the wurrld I can spell."

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor, who will answer all queries to the best of his ability.—Editor.)

As I predicted last week, the fall has gone too far, and prices in all markets are much better.

Home Railways.—Quotations in this section are generally better, and the collapse of the transport workers' strike has helped to improve the position.

The District keeps piling up increases week after week, and as the price is nearly ten points under the recent record I think the stock can be safely bought to recover the fall.

The work is proceeding merrily with the electrification of the East London, and holders of this stock will be able to travel on it by the new power in a few months.

Metropolitans ought to be bought at the present price by the speculator, and Underground Electric 6 per cent. Income Bonds at 91 by the investor.

Americans.—Prices show fair rises during the week, and the copper position is excellent. Amalgamated and Anaconda shares should therefore be bought for considerably higher prices.

Canadians.—Canadian Pacifics are quoted 274½ ex div. of 2½, which makes the price 277 with every prospect of still further improvement. The increased traffic for the ten days ending 31st May shewed the usual half-million dollars, and I am inclined to think the amount has been considerably understated.

Trunks have also an excellent traffic for the same period, showing over £35,000 increase. This is as it should be, and it is time that this Road should be sharing some of the enormous increases which the older Road has been piling up.

The Trunk stocks are very favourable gambling counters, consequently there must be a fair bull account in the Thirds and Ordinary; but the operator who puts up a margin of three points in the Ordinary Stock and buys under 30 is not likely to be called upon to find fresh margin, and the possibilities are that there will be a ten point profit within the next six months, or £50 on £500 stock, involving an outlay of only £15.

Industrials.—Marconis.—The heavy dealings—which have had a good lot to do with the recent set-back all round—are up to 6¾ after touching 5, and the Canadian Marconi, which I am told to buy, are quoted 26s. after being 22s. National Telephone Deferred Stock, which I have recommended occasionally in this column, carried over on the 29th at 151½, have since risen to 155, and are now 150. Consequently this is only a rich man's stock; but as many of my readers are undoubtedly well to do, there is no reason why they should not buy, as I am informed that the valuation will show enough to pay the holders of this stock over 200.

Margetts Tyre shares are being more freely dealt in, and I expect to see a decided move in these in the near future, as a few large provincial brokers are taking a hand.

The Mexican Railway has unexpectedly shown an excellent traffic for the last ten days of May, and the country is evidently shaking off the moral effects of the rebellion, as the rebels are driven further north. This naturally calls attention to the stocks of the line, and if traffic increases are to be the order of the day then we may safely buy the ordinary stock round about 55, as the saving effected by the use of oil fuel is so great that big dividends must be the result.

Oil.—The official particulars of the Galician Oil Combine are now out, and I find that the working capital rumoured at £500,000 has dropped to £181,000. The estimated total net profit is £562,333, which is not very much considering the huge capital issued of £3,450,000. I sincerely hope my readers will have nothing to do with this over-capitalised concern.

Galician Oil Trust shares have moved up slightly to ⅝ middle during the week, and are good to buy at the price.

Standard Oil of Mexico shares show no improvement, but the drilling continues steadily, and the engineer expects to reach the oil shortly.

Mexican Eagle shares are still being bought by the right people.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

W.J.M. (Highgate).—A fair speculation investment.

ALBERTA (Leeds).—Not a Trustee investment, but thoroughly sound as a lock-up.

A.R. (Westcliffe).—The transfer stamp and registration fee is always paid by the buyer. As you bought your shares in one lot you are only liable for one fee of 2s. 6d., although delivered in three deeds.

A.E.J. (King's Lynn).—Have nothing to do with the concern.

CLERK (Sutton).—(A) Quite good to hold. (B) The market is very limited, nominal quotation 74½-75½. (C) I should advise you to average.

L.B. (Streatham).—Forfeiting the shares will not relieve you of liability for calls overdue.

O.M. (Derby).—(1) No. (2) A steady dividend-payer and likely to improve. (3 and 5) Take your profit. (4) Hold for better price, as there is but little chance of any further serious set-back.

CHARLES (Waterford).—Stock Exchange shares can only be held by members.

N.C. (Neath).—Highly speculative and any transaction must be looked upon as a pure gamble.

R.S. (Hull).—If in your position I should place the matter in the hands of the police.

SPECIAL ABILITY

is often very hard to market. There are many men with a Special Knowledge or Aptitude which fits them to occupy Responsible Positions who somehow cannot get into touch with the opportunities they seek. We have large numbers of High Grade Positions open which call for, and pay for, Special Ability. If you think you can fill one of them—and your record is sound—write us to-day or call.

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The nib is 14-carat solid gold, and can be had fine, medium, broad, or ball-pointed. The body of the pen is of the finest black vulcanite, handsomely chased. It is packed in a special box, with glass-filler and full directions.

A pocket clip to fix the pen securely in the vest pocket is presented absolutely free.

On page 1018 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," *Modern Man* Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

Correspondent's Bureau.

BRIEF REPLIES TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

M.H. (Whitstable).—Cheese straws should be eaten with the fingers.

C.McD. (Golder's Green).—To protect dahlias from earwigs dip a piece of linen or cotton in oil and tie it round the stalk about a foot from the earth. Any stakes supporting the plant should be similarly treated.

P.L. (Taunton).—An Irish terrier should preferably be dark or light red in colour. Wheaten or yellow red coloured dogs, however, are all right.

I.O. (Bradford).—"Hoo sweet, hoo varry sweet is life!" as t'flee said when he wus stuck i' treacle.

A.K.B. (Streatham).—The open golf championship was first played for at Prestwick, in 1860, when it was won by W. Park with a score of 174 (two rounds). Originally a champion belt was given, till, this being won outright by Tom Morris, junior, it was replaced by the present cup, which carries with it a gold medal, and £50.

G.W. (Manchester).—Sorry, but you lose. There is no limit to the weight or thickness of a cricket bat, the only restrictions being, not more than four inches and one quarter wide, or more than thirty-eight inches in length.

F.W.P. (Shepherds Bush).—You can get a serviceable sea-rod for half a guinea, and a really good one for about twice that sum.

"INQUIRER" (Walton-on-Naze).—Mr. Tom Mann was born April 15, 1856; worked on farm from age 9 to 11; down a mine 11 to 14; served seven years engineering apprenticeship, and was afterwards a journeyman engineer As a child, is said to have been backward in using his tongue, but by Heaven, has made up for it since.

"A MODERN GIRL" (Leamington).—Frankly, we do not care to see a lady smoking in public. Circumstances, however, alter cases. From the photograph you are so charming as to send us, we think we should be disposed to allow you to do anything, even to pulling the whiskers that we don't wear. We are looking up the trains to your part of the world.

K.D. (Colchester).—For inflammation of the eyes in a dog, bathe two or three times daily with the following lotion, allowing it to get well between the eyelids:

Bichloride of Mercury, 1 grain.
Solution of Sulphate Atrophine, 1 drachm.
Water to 8 ounces.

D.M.W. (Fulham).—Every Guards officer receives "Guards Pay" ranging from £70 to £250 a year over and above his regimental pay, which is the same as that of line officers.

"BOB" (Birmingham).—Wants to know South Coast seaside resorts where the fishing is good? Christchurch (Hants); Hastings; St. Leonards; Southampton; West Lulworth (Dorset); Weymouth. The fishing round the Isle of Wight is generally good.

M.C. (Bolton).—Here is a rough and ready way of telling the direction of true North. Hold a watch, face upwards, and point the hour hand to the sun. A line drawn from the centre of the dial to a point half-way between the figure XII. of the dial, and the pointer of the hour hand is approximately a South line.

B.S. (Hastings).—Keep your left arm bent when dancing with lady. The pump handle style is not only hideous but dangerous to other dancers.

"GRAND SLAM" (Guildford).—At bridge with "no trumps" declared, you should discard from your weakest suit. "Dummy" cannot revoke or make any other mistake in play; or rather, there is no penalty if he makes a mistake and it is discovered.

"DING DONG" (Hampton Court).—A "bisque" at golf differs from a stroke in that it may be utilised whenever the player pleases, whereas strokes must be taken at certain specified holes. For example, if a player is given three bisques he can use them all at the first hole if he likes. Four bisques are considered roughly equal to six strokes.

"MAC" (Glasgow).—The author of "The Unspeakable Scot" (Mr. T. W. H. Crosland) is still alive. Strange, but true.

Revelations of a Crank.

THINGS NOT ALWAYS AS THEY SEEM.

Now, I am the most natural and simplest of men, and the easiest to get on with, my temper is so equable.

(Opens the door: "What the ——— are you making such a noise for downstairs; don't you know I'm writing?'

* * *

I love Nature, and the open air, and the fresh breezes that play upon one's brow.

(If you don't close that window and shut those doors I'll come myself; the idea of creating such a draught in the house when you know I take cold so easily!)

* * *

I think a sportsman is the noblest work, etc. Ah! you see I am a sportsman myself to the innermost core!

(Hi, there, come off my ground, you thundering damaging rascals. Hunt forsooth! a lot I care; I'll put up some barbed wire all round the place that's my answer!)

* * *

I think no one should interfere with the pleasure of others.

(Ringing the bell furiously: Jakes, tell the gardener to stop whistling while he works under my window.)

* * *

What a solace tobacco is; such a sweet idea that of a pipe of peace linking together all classes.

(A little later, engaging a new servant: "I forbid all smoking in my service. The smell of common and stale tobacco about a person's clothes is objectionable in the extreme.) * * *

I believe in the simple life, and a dinner of herbs, etc.

(Interviewing his housekeeper: "Don't forget the truffles. I think, too, a baked pigeon stuffed with oysters will be a nice change. You are a treasure of a cook, Mrs. Menu, to an epicure like myself.)

* * *

Water is the proper drink for man, and there is much comfort to be got out of an apple.

(Next morning to his man: "What the devil did you mean forgetting the whisky last night and leaving a dish of apples in my room, when you are aware that I hate the smell of them?) * * *

Love! what a beautiful thing it is hallowing a man's life.

(Opening his letters: "What a curse the woman is with her love letters. Can't she see I'm sick to death of her.)

* * *

A man never forgets the woman he loves.

(To his solicitor: "Hang it all, man, I don't remember what I said to her at this lapse of time; haven't a notion even of what she was like.)

* * *

Children are human flowers—that's rather poetic, I think.

(What's that child doing in my garden. I'll soon frighten him away. Looking for a ball, indeed! Ugly little monster spoiling the landscape.)

* * *

Begins a letter: "Dear Lady So-and-So,—How sweet of you to ask me. Delighted to accept."

(Wish I had the ducking of the old scold. Lost me the seat at the last election with her indiscreet blabbing.)

* * *

Always glad to do anything to promote the good of humanity, Rector.

(If he imagines I'm going to allow my land to be cut up for garden allotments, he's made a mistake. A clump of gorse is more picturesque than a row of cabbages.)

* * *

A lady to see me! Well, show her in.

(Are you an idiot, Jakes. I took you because your last master said you had such a good memory for faces. That's the third of my old flames that you have let in!)

* * *

Writes: Gambling is a terrible thing—half the young men in England going to ruin on a horse's back.

(Rings up his bookie and gives him instructions.

Later in the day: "You were playing pitch and toss in the stable yard. I allow no gambling among my servants. Hell shall never be filled by my dependents from that cause.)

* * *

I am going into the park to feed God's beggars—the birds—with stale crumbs. Charity is divine.

(In the hall: "Whose that at the door, Jakes, a woman begging for a meal; turn her away at once. Tell her to go to the workhouse. I've no food to give away to beggars.)

THE WEEK'S RACING.

By the "OLD HAND."

Nothing in the race stood any chance with the winner; in so many words can the Derby of 1912 be summed up. In fact, to describe it as a race so far as Tagalie is concerned, would be idle talk. She simply bounded along at will in front of her opponents, and sailed past the post the easiest of winners, without being asked for an effort.

Pintadeau, my selection, made what I may describe as a race within a race with Tracery for third place, and only failed by a neck to gain one of the most coveted positions behind the winner—a "place."

At Tattenham Corner the bearer of the Royal colours started to overhaul some of his opponents, and for a moment I thought that he would do the trick, but Tagalie was increasing her lead at every stride, and although the race was run at a slow pace, I do not think that anything could have beaten her, remembering that she was never asked to exert herself.

Had Cylgad been amongst the field, the result might possibly have been different, and his connections must have felt the disappointment of his enforced absence more keenly than when it was found necessary to strike him out of the race.

The Cylgad Disappointment.

I did not go into the ring on the day of the big race, preferring, as I always have done, to mingle with the crowd outside. I cannot exactly describe what it is that fascinates one, but I suppose it must be the cosmopolitan nature of the crowd. There seems to be a sort of "hail fellow well met" feeling in the air with everyone.

Of course I could not get all over the course, but roundabout where I was I noticed quite a remarkable absence of welshers. I only came across one case.

In a sense, punters who bet with people who offer 4—1 the field, when genuine men are offering 2—1 the favourite, have only themselves to blame if they lose their money It is far better to be content with a fair price against a horse and be sure of getting your money if you win.

Request for a System.

Amongst the letters I have received this week is one from a reader who asks me to recommend him a good system. Now in a case like this, I do not care to advise, because I am so liable to be on the wrong track.

I have seen all manner of systems, and must admit that I have tried a few myself, but they have all ended more or less the same way—in failure.

Even in face of that, a system of some sort is necessary, even if it is a bad one. Every successful business is conducted systematically, including bookmaking, and therefore it becomes necessary to bet from the same standpoint.

I recently came across a system that is claimed to be almost infallible, but have not yet attempted to test the accuracy of the statement. I cannot, however, produce it in these columns, as it is on the market for sale, and it would not be fair to the man who claims to have discovered it himself; and, another thing, I am not inclined to give him a free advertisement.

We made quite a successful start with our little wire service last week, and I have great hopes of keeping a good average. On Tuesday I advised subscribers to support Garryhoe each way, and he finished second. My information concerning this horse was very emphatic, and but for hanging a bit when the tapes went up I think he would have won. The next day I sent Shipshape and Ardigon, who won at 2—1.

Shipshape's number was put into the frame, and she was quickly made favourite, but she failed to put in an appearance, and her number was withdrawn.

Offering the Best Known.

A few readers specially asked for the winner of the Derby, but I would here like to point out that I cannot undertake to give the winner of a particular race. I do not mind a subscriber sending for one wire, naming the day most suitable to him, when I will send the best I know, and I cannot do more than that.

Another thing I should like to mention is that I do not intend going for "long shots;" a winner at 2 or 3—1 is far better than a 20—1 chance that might have won.

In reply to several readers who write me for further particulars of these wires, I might remark that I have nothing to say regarding them more than has appeared in these columns.

For a P.O. value 1s. (one shilling) I will wire the best I know on any day that the subscriber likes, or for 5s. (five shillings) I will send for one week.

Some interesting racing should be witnessed this week, and the undermentioned are my fancies at the time of writing.

BIRMINGHAM (Monday).

Coombe Plate: MAUVE CABIN.
Trial Selling Plate: VALOROUS.
Summer Handicap: KLERKSDORP.

Tuesday.

Bull Ring Handicap: LAVER.
Bromford Selling Plate: ACSU.

NEWBURY (Wednesday).

Netheravon Handicap: RENOWN.
Berks Selling Handicap: BOILING HOT.
Empire Stakes: CIGAR.

Thursday.

Ogbourne Welter: SYDMONTON.
Wiltshire Selling Handicap: BRENDAN'S BEAUTY.
Newbury Summer Cup: HAIRTRIGGER II.

GATWICK (Friday).

Selling Handicap: MCINTYRE.
Three-Year-Old Selling Handicap: MENLO.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

HOLIDAY KIT.

Many a man is bothered about what clothes to take when going on, say, a fortnight's holiday—in fact, more than one correspondent has written for advice on this subject.

Of course, something depends on where you are going. The clothes that would pass muster in some little fishing village would hardly do for Eastbourne or Scarborough. I will assume, however, that you are an average man going to an average country or seaside resort.

The question is perhaps not so much what clothes to take as what may safely be left behind.

On the whole, you may put away your dress clothes. There are holiday hotels and superior boarding houses where men are more or less expected to dress for dinner, but they are exceptional. For evening wear you will usually be all right in blue serge or a dark grey lounge suit. Whatever you do, don't appear in a frock or morning coat. These should never be taken to the country or seaside, save in the exceptional circumstances of your having to attend a wedding while away. Incidentally, see to it that your blue serge is of good material and fast dye if going to the seaside. The sea air will turn a cheap blue serge purple in less than no time.

Then you need another lounge suit of tweed—say, brown or grey—for afternoon wear when not playing games or taking other exercise.

A flannel suit—yes, but it is not an absolute necessity. I mean that if you are going in for boating, golf, lawn tennis, or other sport or games, there is no need to have a flannel suit in addition to white flannels, knickerbockers, or whatever costume you wear for the particular sport you are addicted to.

In the way of overcoats you need a light summer one. This should be quiet in cut and colour. Don't promenade about in the evenings wearing a black waterproof lined with a scarlet silk. Only tenth-rate actors and suburban snobs do this.

SHIRTS AND BOOTS.

For sport or games you will, of course, wear flannel or negligé shirts, but don't forget to take some coloured shirts with stiff cuffs for wear with your tweeds in the afternoon. These may also be worn in the evening with your blue serge or dark grey, though personally I should prefer white. Anyway, don't come down to dinner in a soft cuffed shirt or wearing a soft collar.

I am inclined to say, leave your buttoned boots at home, but they are permissible for wear in the evening.

Don't, however, go walking about country lanes or promenading seaside fronts wearing button boots in the daytime. Black or brown lacing boots or shoes are what you want.

White boots or shoes are right enough with flannels or a flannel suit, but they are perfectly impossible with tweeds, and to present yourself at dinner wearing cricket boots or shoes is to barnd yourself a social and sartorial outcast. A pair of pumps should be included for evening wear.

CONCERNING HEADGEAR.

A bowler or a negligé hat, a boater, and a cap is all you need in the way of headgear. The bowler is for wear in the evening or in wet weather, and should be worn with tweeds only.

As I recently gave a list of suitable ties for particular suits, I will only add that you will leave your frock or morning coat ties at home.

Gloves should not be worn with flannels or a flannel suit. On the other hand, a gloveless man in a well-cut tweed suit and a smart bowler or Homburg hat looks just as much "undressed" at the seaside or in the country as in town.

On the whole, simplicity should be the keynote of your holiday attire, though this does not mean that you should go about dressed in any old rags. The secret is to steer a middle course between town clothes and looking like a peculiarly decayed tramp.

WARNING ABOUT TIES.

"M. M. League" is getting a new grey suit with a greenish shade in it—a fashionable and becoming combination, I may remark—and is anxious to know what kind of tie would go well with it?

I dealt with tie harmonies and discords last week, but in case my friend missed my remarks, let me warn him off purples, blues, and yellows.

He cannot go far wrong with a delicate green or a fairly light brown. A carefully chosen crimson would also be in the picture.

My next correspondent (W. L. P., Birmingham) asks if I have seen trousers with the crease sewn in, and what I think about them?

No, I have not, unless by crease he means the side seam, which is sewn in so that it forms a sort of line or ridge down the trouser leg. Such garments are rather smart, but perhaps a trifle horsey.

In further reply to "W. L. P.," trousers are at present cut with a slight but distinct taper from hip to ankle, while the vest opening should be such that the vest does not appear above the coat when the latter is buttoned.

KEEPING IT UP.

He had promised his wife that he would reform. The principal condition laid down had been that he keep better hours. For several days his conduct was beyond reproach, but then there came a day—or, rather, a night—when he found himself in his front hall at an hour late past all ordinary excuse. Following an old custom, he took off his boots, overcoat, and hat, and stole softly into his wife's room. While he was in the act of hanging his vest on the gas jet his wife awoke.

"What on earth are you doing up at this hour? It isn't daylight yet!" she shrilled.

"My dear," explained her husband with a readiness born of necessity, "you know I've reformed, and I want to make an early start. There are a lot of men I want to see before business hours." And he deliberately put on the rest of his clothes and walked out.

With a fiendish chuckle, his wife turned over and went to sleep.

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